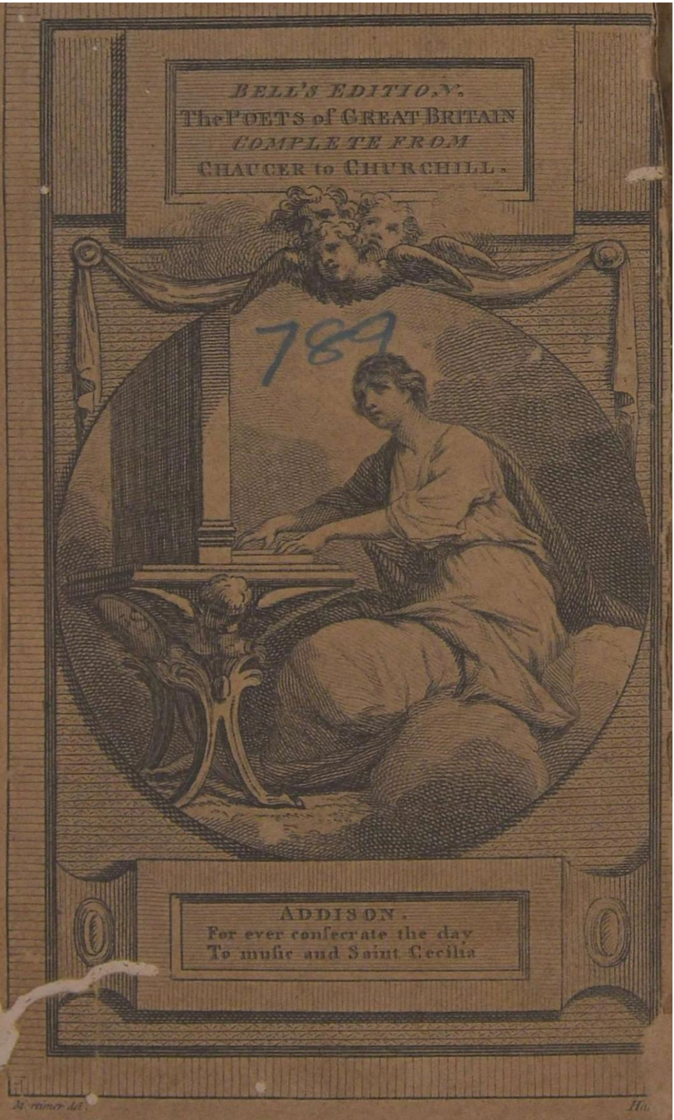

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Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Aug: 1.

JOSEPH ADDISON Esq.r

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...ted for Jno. Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London June 11th. 1778

Sri Jogin Rajah

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

789

JOSEPH ADDISON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

No charms are wanting to thy artful ſong,
Soft as Corelli, but as Virgil ſtrong:
From words ſo ſweet new grace the notes receive,
And Muſic borrows helps ſhe us'd to give.
Thy ſtyle hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new,
Their cadence in ſuch eaſy ſound convey'd,
That height of thought may ſeem ſuperfluous aid;
Yet in ſuch charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needleſs ſeem the ſweets of eaſy ſound.
Accept, great Monarch of the Britiſh lays!
The tribute-ſong an humble ſubject pays:
So tries the artleſs lark her early flight,
And ſoars to hail the god of Verſe and Light.
Unrivall'd as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels ſhade thy envy'd name. TICKELL.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1778.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOSEPH ADDISON.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

&c. &c. &c.

If bus'neſs calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemiſh'd ſtatſeman ſeems to ſtrike my ſight;
If in the ſtage I ſeek to ſooth my care,
I met his ſoul, which breathes in Cato there;
If, penſive, to the rural ſhades I rove,
His *ſhape* o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of juſt and good he reaſon'd ſtrong,
Clear'd ſome great truth, or rais'd ſome ſerious ſong;
There, patient, ſhow'd us the wiſe courſe to ſteer,
A candid cenſor, and a friend ſevere;
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die! TICKELL.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1778.

THE LIFE OF

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THIS elegant writer, to whom the world owes ſo many obligations, was born at Milton, near Ambroſbury, in the county of Wilts, (of which place his father, Mr. Lancelot Addiſon, was then Rector) on the 6th of May 1672, and being not thought likely to live, was baptized on the ſame day, as appears from the church regiſter. When he grew up to an age fit for going to ſchool he was put under the care of the Rev. Mr. Naiſh at Ambroſbury. He afterwards removed to a ſchool at Saliſbury, taught by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, thence to the Charter-houſe, where he was under the tuition of the learned Dr. Ellis, and where he contracted an intimacy with Mr. Steele, afterwards Sir Richard, which continued as long as Mr. Addiſon lived. He was not above fifteen years old when he was entered of Queen's College, Oxford, in which his father had been placed, where he applied himſelf ſo cloſely to the ſtudy of claſſical learning, that in a very ſhort time he became maſter of a very elegant Latin ſtyle, even before he arrived at that age when ordinary ſcholars begin to write good Engliſh.

In the year 1687 a copy of his verſes in that tongue fell into the hands of Dr. Lancaſter, Dean of Magdalen College, who was ſo pleaſed with them that he immediately procured their Author's election into

"ral pravity and corruption of men of bufinefs who "wanted liberal education; and I remember, as if I "had read the letter yefterday, that my Lord ended "with a compliment, that however he might be re-"prefented as no friend to the church, he would "never do it any other injury than by keeping Mr. "Addifon out of it."

Mr. Addifon having difcovered an inclination to travel, the above-mentioned patron, out of zeal as well to his country as our Author, procured him, from the crown, an annual penfion of 300 *l.* which enabled him to make a tour to Italy the latter-end of 1699. His Latin Poems, dedicated to Mr. Montagu, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, were printed, before his departure, in the *Mufæ Anglicanæ*, and were as much efteemed in foreign countries as at home, particularly by that noble wit of France Boileau. It is from Mr. Tickell we learn this circumftance in relation to Boileau, and we fhall prefent it to the reader in his own words. "His country owes it to Mr. Addifon that the "famous Monfieur Boileau firft conceived an opinion "of the Englifh genius for poetry, by perufing the "prefent he made him of the *Mufæ Anglicanæ*. It has "been currently reported that this famous French "poet, among the civilities he fhewed Mr. Addifon "on that occafion, affirmed that he would not have "written againft Perrault had he before feen fuch "excellent pieces by a modern hand. The compli-

" ment he meant was, that theſe books had given
" him a very new idea of the Engliſh politeneſs, and
" that he did not queſtion but there were excellent
" compoſitions in the native language of a country
" which poſſeſſed the Roman genius in ſo eminent a
" degree." In 1701 Mr. Addiſon wrote an Epiſtolary poem from Italy to Lord Halifax which is much admired as a finiſhed piece in its kind, and indeed ſome have pronounced it the beſt of Mr. Addiſon's performances: it was tranſlated by the Abbot Antonio Mario Salvini, Greek Profeſſor at Florence, into Italian verſe, which tranſlation is printed with the original in this edition of Mr. Addiſon's works. This poem is in the higheſt eſteem in Italy, becauſe there are in it the beſt-turned compliments on that country that, perhaps, are to be found any where; and the Italians, on account of their familiarity with the objects it deſcribes, muſt have a higher reliſh of it. This poem likewiſe ſhews his gratitude to Lord Halifax, who had been that year impeached by the Commons in parliament, for procuring exorbitant grants from the crown to his own uſe and further charged with cutting down and waſting the timber in his Majeſty's foreſts, and with holding ſeveral offices in his Majeſty's Exchequer that were inconſiſtent, and deſigned as checks upon each other. The Commons had likewiſe addreſſed the King to remove him from his councils and preſence for ever. Theſe were the cauſes of his retiring, and Mr. Addiſon's addreſs at this time was

a noble inſtance of his fidelity and ſtedfaſtneſs to his friends.

On his return to England he publiſhed an account of his Travels, dedicated to Lord Somers: he would have returned earlier than he did, had not he been thought of as a proper perſon to attend Prince Eugene, who then commanded for the Emperor in Italy, which employment would much have pleaſed him; but the death of King William intervening cauſed a ceſſation of his penſion and his hopes.

For a conſiderable ſpace of time he remained at home; and as his friends were out of the miniſtry, he had no opportunity to diſplay his abilities, or to meet a competent reward for the honour his works had already done his country. He owed both to an accident. In the year 1704 Lord Treaſurer Godolphin happened to complain to the Lord Halifax that the Duke of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim had not been celebrated in verſe in the manner it deſerved, and told him that he would take it kind if his Lordſhip, who was the patron of the poets, would name a gentleman capable of writing upon ſo elevated a ſubject. Lord Halifax replied, with ſome quickneſs, that he was well acquainted with ſuch a perſon, but that he would not name him; and obſerved, that he had long ſeen, with indignation, men of little or no merit maintained in pomp and luxury at the expenſe of the public, while perſons of too much modeſty, with

great abilities, languiſhed in obſcurity. The Treaſurer anſwered, very coolly, that he was ſorry his Lordſhip had occaſion to make ſuch an obſervation; but that in the mean-time he would engage his honour that whoever his Lordſhip ſhould name might venture upon this theme without fear of loſing his time. Lord Halifax thereupon named Mr. Addiſon, but inſiſted the Treaſurer ſhould ſend to him himſelf, which he promiſed. Accordingly he prevailed upon Mr. Boyle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to go, in his name, to Mr. Addiſon, and communicate to him the buſineſs, which he did in ſo obliging a manner, that he readily entered upon the taſk *. The Lord Treaſurer ſaw the poem before it was finiſhed, when the Author had written no farther than the celebrated ſimile of the Angel, and was ſo much pleaſed with it, that he immediately made him Commiſſioner of Appeals in the room of Mr. Locke, who was promoted to be one of the Lords Commiſſioners for Trade, *&c.*

His poem entitled The Campaign, was received with loud and general applauſe: it is addreſſed to the Duke of Marlborough, and contains a ſhort view of the military tranſactions in the year 1704, and a very particular deſcription of the two great actions at Schellemberg and Blenheim.

In 1705 Mr. Addiſon attended the Lord Halifax to Hanover; and in the ſucceeding year he was

* Budgel's Memoirs of the Boyles.

made choice of for Under Secretary to Sir Charles Hedges, then appointed Secretary of State. In the month of December, in the ſame year, the Earl of Sunderland, who ſucceeded Sir Charles in that office, continued Mr. Addiſon in the poſt of Under Secretary.

Operas being now much in faſhion, many people of diſtinction and true taſte importuned him to make a trial whether ſenſe and ſound were really ſo incompatible as ſome admirers of the Italian pieces would repreſent them. He was at laſt prevailed upon to comply with their requeſt, and compoſed his Roſamond. This piece was inſcribed to the Ducheſs of Marlborough, and met with but indifferent ſucceſs on the ſtage. Many looked upon it as not properly an opera; for, conſidering what numbers of miſerable productions had borne that title, they were ſcarce ſatisfied that ſo ſuperior a piece ſhould appear under the ſame denomination. About this time our Author aſſiſted Sir Richard Steele in a play called The Tender Huſband, to which he wrote a humorous prologue. Sir Richard, whoſe gratitude was as warm and ready as his wit, ſurpriſed him with a dedication, which may be conſidered as one of the few monuments of praiſe not unworthy the great perſon to whoſe honour it was raiſed.

In 1709 he went over to Ireland as Secretary to the Marquis of Wharton, appointed Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom. Her Majeſty alſo was pleaſed,

as a mark of her peculiar favour, to augment the ſalary annexed to the Keeper of the Records in that nation, and beſtow it upon him. While he was in Ireland his friend Sir Richard Steele publiſhed The Tatler, which appeared for the firſt time on the 12th of April 1709. Mr. Addiſon (ſays Tickell) diſcovered the author by an obſervation on Virgil he had communicated to him. This diſcovery led him to afford farther aſſiſtance, inſomuch that, as the author of The Tatler well expreſſed it, he fared by this means like a diſtreſſed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; that is, he was undone by his auxiliary.

The ſuperiority of Mr. Addiſon's papers in that work is univerſally admitted; and being more at leiſure upon the change of the miniſtry, he continued aſſiſting in The Tatler till 1711, when it was dropt.

No ſooner was The Tatler laid down, but Sir Richard Steele, in concert with Mr. Addiſon, formed the plan of The Spectator. The firſt paper appeared on the firſt of March 1711, and in the courſe of that great work Mr. Addiſon furniſhed all the papers marked with any letters of the Muſe Clio, and which were generally moſt admired. Tickell, who had no kindneſs for Sir Richard Steele, meanly ſuppoſes that he marked his paper out of precaution againſt Sir Richard, which was an ill-natured inſinuation; for in the concluſion of The Spectators he ac-

knowledges to Mr. Addiſon all he had a right to; and in his letter to Congreve he declares that Addiſon's papers were marked by him out of tenderneſs to his friend, and a warm zeal for his fame. Steele was a generous grateful friend; it therefore ill became Mr. Tickell, in the defence of Mr. Addiſon's honour, which needed no ſuch ſtratagem, to depreciate one of his deareſt friends, and, at the expenſe of truth and his reputation, raiſe the character of his hero. Sir Richard had oppoſed Mr. Addiſon in the choice of Mr. Tickell as his Secretary, which it ſeems he could never forget nor forgive.

In The Spectators Sir Roger de Coverley was Mr. Addiſon's favourite character, and ſo tender was he of it, that he went to Sir Richard, upon his publiſhing a Spectator in which he made Sir Roger pick up a woman in the Temple cloiſters, and would not part with his friend until he promiſed to meddle with the old knight's character no more. However Mr. Addiſon, to make ſure, and to prevent any abſurdities the writers of the ſubſequent Spectators might fall into, reſolved to remove that character out of the way, or, as he pleaſantly expreſſed it to an intimate friend, killed Sir Roger, that no body elſe might murther him. When the old Spectator was finiſhed, a new one appeared; but though written by men of wit and genius, it did not ſucceed, and they were wiſe enough not to puſh the attempt too far. Poſter-

rity muſt have a high idea of the taſte and good ſenſe of the Britiſh nation, when they are informed that twenty thouſand of theſe papers were ſometimes ſold in a day *.

The Guardian, a paper of the ſame tendency, entertained the Town in the years 1713 and 1714, in which Mr. Addiſon had likewiſe a very large ſhare: he alſo wrote two papers in The Lover.

In the year 1713 appeared his famous Cato. He entered into a deſign of writing a tragedy on that ſubject when he was very young, and when he was on his travels he actually wrote four acts of it: however, he retouched it on his return, without any deſign of bringing it on the ſtage; but ſome friends of his imagining it might be of ſervice to the cauſe of liberty, he was prevailed upon to finiſh it for the theatre, which he accordingly did. When this play appeared it was received with boundleſs admiration; and during the repreſentation on the firſt night, on which its fate depended, it is ſaid that Mr. Addiſon diſcovered uncommon timidity; he was agitated between hope and fear, and while he remained retired in the Green-room he kept a perſon continually going backwards and forwards, from the ſtage to the place where he was, to inform him how it ſucceeded, and till the whole was over, and the ſucceſs confirmed, he never ventured to move.

* Tickell's Preface.

When it was publiſhed it was recommended by many copies of verſes prefixed to it, amongſt which the ſincerity of Mr. Steele, and the genius of Euſden, deſerve to be diſtinguiſhed : but as I would not omit any particulars relative to this renowned play, and its great Author, I ſhall inſert a letter of Mr. Pope's to Sir William Trumbal, dated the 30th of April 1713, in which are ſome circumſtances that merit commemoration.

" SIR,

" As to poetical affairs I am content, at preſent, to " be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an " admirer, which, as the world goes, is not very uſual. " Cato was not ſo much the wonder of Rome in his " days as he is of Britain in ours ; and though all " the fooliſh induſtry poſſible had been uſed to make " it thought a party play, yet what the Author once " ſaid of another may the moſt properly in the world " be applied to him on this occaſion ;

" Envy itſelf is dumb, in wonder loſt,
" And factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud him moſt."

" The numerous and violent claps of the Whig par- " ty on the one ſide of the theatre were echoed " back by the Tories on the other, while the Author " ſweated behind the ſcenes, with concern to find " their applauſe proceeding more from the hand than " the head. This was the caſe, too, with the Pro- " logue writer, who was clapped into a ſtaunch Whig

"at the end of every two lines. I believe you have "heard that, after all the applauſes of the oppoſite "faction, my Lord Bolingbroke ſent for Booth, who "played Cato, into the box, between one of the "acts, and preſented him with fifty guineas, in ac- "knowledgment, as he expreſſed it, for defending "the cauſe of liberty ſo well againſt a perpetual Dic- "tator. The Whigs are unwilling to be diſtanced "this way, and therefore deſign a preſent to the ſame "Cato very ſpeedily; in the mean-time they are get- "ting ready as good a ſentence as the former on "their ſide; ſo betwixt them it is probable that Cato "(as Dr. Garth expreſſed it) may have ſomething to "live upon after he dies."

Immediately after the publication of this tragedy there came abroad a pamphlet, entitled Obſervations on Cato, written by the ingenious Dr. Sewel. The deſign of this piece was to ſhew that the applauſe this tragedy met with was founded on merit. It is a very accurate and entertaining criticiſm, and tends to ſe- cure the Poet the hearts of his readers as well as of his audience. Our Author was not, however, without enemies, amongſt whom was Mr. Dennis, who at- tacked it firſt in a pamphlet, and then in a ſubſequent work, in which he employed ſeven letters in pulling it to pieces: in ſome of his remarks he is candid and judicious enough, in others he is trifling and ill-na- tured, and I think it is pretty plain he was agitated

by envy; for as the intent of that play was to promote the Whig intereſt, of which Mr. Dennis was a zealous abettor, he could not therefore diſeſteem it from party principles. Another gentleman, who called himſelf a Scholar at Oxford, conſidered the play in a very different light, and endeavoured to ſerve his party by turning the cannon upon the enemy. The title of this pamphlet is, Mr. Addiſon turned Troy: it is written with great ſpirit and vivacity. Cato was ſpeedily tranſlated into French by Mr. Boyer, but with no ſpirit: it was tranſlated likewiſe into Italian.

Voltaire has commended and condemned Mr. Addiſon by turns, and in reſpect to Cato, he admires and cenſures it extravagantly. The principal character he allows ſuperior to any before brought upon the ſtage, but ſays that all the love-ſcenes are abſolutely inſipid; he might have added unneceſſary, as to the plot; and the only reaſon that can be aſſigned for the Poet's introducing them was, the prevalence of cuſtom: but it muſt be acknowledged that his lovers are the moſt ſenſible, and addreſs each other in the beſt language that is to be found in any love-dialogues of the Britiſh ſtage: it will be difficult to find a more ſtriking line, or more pictureſque of a lover's paſſion, than this pathetic exclamation,

A lover does not live by vulgar time.

Queen Anne was not the laſt in doing juſtice to

our Author and his performance; ſhe was pleaſed to ſignify an inclination of having it dedicated to her; but as he intended that compliment to another, it came into the world without any dedication. If, in the ſubſequent part of his life, his leiſure had been greater, we are told he would probably have written another tragedy on the death of Socrates; but the honours accruing from what he had already performed deprived poſterity of that production. This ſubject was ſtill drier, and leſs ſuſceptible of poetical ornament, than the former; but in the hands of ſo great a writer there is no doubt but genius would have ſupplied what was wanting in the real ſtory, and have covered, by ſhining ſentiments and noble language, the ſimplicity of the plot, and deficiency in buſineſs.

Upon the death of the Queen the Lords Juſtices appointed Mr. Addiſon their Secretary. This diverted him from the deſign he had formed of compoſing an Engliſh Dictionary upon the plan of a famous Italian one: that the world has much ſuffered by this promotion I am ready to believe, and cannot but regret that our language yet wants the aſſiſtance of ſo great a maſter in fixing its ſtandard, ſettling its purity, and illuſtrating its copiouſneſs or elegance.

In 1716 our Author married the Counteſs of Warwick, and about that time publiſhed The Freeholder, which is a kind of political Spectator. This work Mr. Addiſon conducted without any aſſiſtance, upon a

plan of his own forming; he did it in consequence of his principles, out of a desire to remove prejudices, and contribute all he could to make his country happy; however, it produced his own promotion in 1717, to be one of the Principal Secretaries of State. His health, which had been before impaired by an asthmatic disorder, suffered exceedingly by an advancement so much to his honour, but attended with such great fatigue. Finding that he was not able to manage so much business as his station led him to, he resigned, and in his leisure hours began a work of a religious nature, upon the Evidence of the Christian religion, which he lived not to finish. He likewise intended a Paraphrase on some of the Psalms of David; but a long and painful relapse broke all his designs, and deprived the world of one of its brightest ornaments, June 17. 1719, when he was entering the 54th year of his age. He died at Holland-house, near Kensington, and left behind him an only daughter by the Countess of Warwick.

After his decease Mr. Tickell, by the authority and direction of the Author, collected and published his Works in four volumes quarto. In this edition there are several pieces as yet unmentioned, which I shall here give account of in order. The first is A Dissertation upon Medals, which, though not published till after his death, was begun in 1702, when he was at Vienna.

In 1707 there came abroad a pamphlet, under the title of The Prefent State of the War, and the Neceffity of an Augmentation, confidered. The Whig Examiner came out Septem. 14. 1710, for the firft time: there were five papers in all attributed to Mr. Addifon; thefe are by much the tarteft things he ever wrote; Dr. Sacheverell, Mr. Prior, and many other perfons, are feverely treated. The Examiner had done the fame thing on the part of the Tories, and the avowed defign of this paper was to make reprifals.

In the year 1713 was publifhed a little pamphlet, called The Late Trial and Conviction of Count Tariff; it was intended to expofe the Tory miniftry on the head of the French Commerce Bill: this is alfo a fevere piece.

The following have likewife been afcribed to our Author;

Differtatio de infignioribus Romanorum Poetis, *i. e.* A Differtation upon the moft eminent Roman Poets. This is fuppofed to have been written about 1692.

A Difcourfe on Ancient and Modern Learning: the time when it was written is uncertain, but probably as early as the former. It was preferved amongft the manufcripts of Lord Somers, which, after the death of Sir Jofeph Jekyl, being publicly fold, this little piece came to be printed 1739, and was well received. To thefe we muft add the Old Whig, N°. 1, and 2. pamphlets written in defence of the Peerage Bill. The fcope of the bill was this, that in place of

ſixteen Peers ſitting in parliament as repreſentatives of the peerage of Scotland, there were for the future to be twenty-five hereditary peers, by the junction of nine out of the body of the Scotch nobility to the then ſixteen ſitting peers; that ſix Engliſh peers ſhould be added, and the peerage then remain fixed, the crown being reſtrained from making any new lords but upon the extinction of families. This gave a great alarm to the nation, and many papers were wrote with ſpirit againſt it, amongſt the reſt one called The Plebeian, now known to have been Sir Richard Steele's. In anſwer to this came out The Old Whig, N°. 1. on the State of the Peerage, with ſome Remarks on The Plebeian. This controverſy was carried on between the two friends, Addiſon and Steele, at firſt without any knowledge of one another, but before it was ended it appears, from ſeveral expreſſions, that the author of The Old Whig was acquainted with his antagoniſt.

Thus we have gone through the moſt remarkable paſſages of the life of this great man, in admiration of whom it is but natural to be an enthuſiaſt, and whoſe very enemies expreſſed their diſlike with diffidence; nor indeed were his enemies, Mr. Pope excepted, (if it be proper to reckon Mr. Pope Mr. Addiſon's enemy) in one particular caſe, of any conſequence. It is a true and an old obſervation, that the greateſt men have ſometimes failings that, of all other human weakneſſes, one would not ſuſpect them to be ſubject to. It is ſaid of Mr. Addiſon that he was a ſlave to

flattery, that he was jealous, and ſuſpicious in his temper, and, as Pope keenly expreſſes it,

Bore, like the Turk, no rival near the throne.

That he was jealous of the fame of Pope many have believed, and perhaps not altogether without ground. He preferred Tickell's tranſlation of the Firſt Book of Homer to Pope's. His words are, 'The other has 'more of Homer;' when, at the ſame time, in a letter to Pope, he ſtrenuouſly adviſes him to undertake it, and tells him there is none but he equal to it; which circumſtance has made ſome people conjecture that Addiſon was himſelf the author of the tranſlation imputed to Mr. Tickell. Be this as it may, it is unpleaſing to dwell upon the failings and quarrels of great men; let us rather draw a veil over all their errors, and only admire their virtues and their genius, of both which the Author, the incidents of whoſe life we have now been tracing, had a large poſſeſſion. He added much to the purity of the Engliſh ſtyle in proſe; his rhyme is not ſo flowing, nervous, or manly, as ſome of his cotemporaries, but his proſe has an original excellence, a ſmoothneſs and dignity, peculiar to it. His poetry, as well as ſentiments, in Cato, cannot be praiſed enough.

Mr. Addiſon was ſtedfaſt to his principles, faithful to his friends, a zealous patriot, honourable in public ſtations, amiable in private life, and as he lived he died, a good man and a pious Chriſtian.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF WARWICK, &c.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muſe hath ſtay'd,
And left her debt to Addiſon unpaid,
Blame not her ſilence, Warwick! but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge! my boſom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verſe that real woe inſpires;
Grief unaffected ſuits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the diſmal night that gave
My ſoul's beſt part for ever to the grave!
How ſilent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the manſions of the dead,
Thro' breathing ſtatues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!
What awe did the ſlow ſolemn knell inſpire,
The pealing organ and the pauſing choir!
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd,
And the laſt words that duſt to duſt convey'd!
While ſpeechleſs o'er thy cloſing grave we bend,
Accept theſe tears, thou dear departed Friend!
Oh! gone for ever, take this long adieu,
And ſleep in peace next thy lov'd Montagu!

To ſtrew freſh laurels let the taſk be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy ſacred ſhrine;
Mine with true ſighs thy abſence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy ſtone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May ſhame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a ſong,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchaſtis'd by thee.
Oft' let me range the gloomy aiſles alone
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where ſpeaking marbles ſhow
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs grac'd with ſcars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for ſacred freedom ſtood;
Juſt men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And ſaints, who taught and led the way to heav'n.
Ne'er to theſe chambers, where the mighty reſt,
Since their foundation, came a nobler gueſt,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliſs convey'd
A fairer ſpirit or more welcome ſhade.
In what new region, to the juſt aſſign'd,
What new employments pleaſe th' unbody'd mind?
A winged Virtue, thro' th' ethereal ſky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly?

Or, curious, trace the long laborious maze
Of Heav'n's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold ſeraphs tell
How Michael battled and the Dragon fell?
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love not ill eſſay'd below?
Or doſt thou warn poor mortals left behind?
A taſk well ſuited to thy gentle mind.
Oh! if ſometimes thy ſpotleſs form deſcend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius! lend;
When rage miſguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain diſtreſſes, or when pleaſure charms,
In ſilent whiſp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead thro' the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliſs ſhall join, nor death can part us more.
That awful form (which, ſo ye Heav'ns decree,
Muſt ſtill be lov'd and ſtill deplor'd by me)
In nightly viſions ſeldom fails to riſe,
Or rous'd by fancy meets my waking eyes.
If bus'neſs calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemiſh'd ſtateſman ſeems to ſtrike my ſight;
If in the ſtage I ſeek to ſooth my care,
I meet his ſoul, which breathes in Cato there;
If, penſive, to the rural ſhades I rove,
His ſhape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of juſt and good he reaſon'd ſtrong,
Clear'd ſome great truth, or rais'd ſome ſerious ſong;

There, patient, ſhow'd us the wiſe courſe to ſteer,
A candid cenſor, and a friend ſevere;
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die!
 Thou hill! whoſe brow the antique ſtructures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once ſo lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the ſudden tears!
How ſweet were once thy proſpects freſh and fair,
Thy ſloping walks and unpolluted air!
How ſweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide ſhadow, and thy ev'ning breeze!
His image thy forſaken bowers reſtore,
Thy walks and airy proſpects charm no more;
No more the ſummer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes and thy noonday ſhade.
 From other ills, however Fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the Muſe's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling ſtring,
Bereft of him who taught me how to ſing,
And theſe ſad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that abſence they attempt to mourn.
Oh! muſt I then (now freſh my boſom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addiſon ſucceeds)
The verſe begun to one loſt friend prolong,
And weep a ſecond in th' unfiniſh'd ſong!
 Theſe Works divine, which, on his deathbed laid,
To thee, O Craggs! th' expiring ſage convey'd,

Great but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he ſurviv'd to give nor thou to claim:
Swift after him thy ſocial ſpirit flies,
And cloſe to his, how ſoon! thy coffin lies.
Bleſs'd pair! whoſe union future bards ſhall tell
In future tongues; each others' boaſt! farewell:
Farewell! whom join'd in fame, in friendſhip try'd,
No chance could ſever, nor the grave divide.

THO. TICKELL.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO MR. DRYDEN.

THE AUTHOR'S AGE TWENTY-TWO.

How long, great Poet! ſhall thy ſacred lays
Provoke our wonder and tranſcend our praiſe?
Can neither injuries of time or age
Damp thy poetic heat and quench thy rage?
Not ſo thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his breaſt, and check'd his riſing thought;
Penſive and ſad, his drooping Muſe betrays
The Roman genius in its laſt decays.
  Prevailing warmth has ſtill thy mind poſſeſt,
And ſecond youth is kindled in thy breaſt;
Thou mak'ſt the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boaſts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majeſty,
And Horace wonders at himſelf in thee:
Thou teacheſt Perſius to inform our iſle
In ſmoother numbers and a clearer ſtyle;
And Juvenal, inſtructed in thy page,
Edges his ſatire and improves his rage.
Thy copy caſts a fairer light on all,
And ſtill outſhines the bright original.
  Now Ovid boaſts th' advantage of thy ſong,
And tells his ſtory in the Britiſh tongue;

Thy charming verſe, and fair tranſlations, ſhow
How thy own laurel firſt began to grow;
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himſelf, ran howling thro' the woods.
O! may'ſt thou ſtill the noble taſk prolong,
Nor age nor ſickneſs interrupt thy ſong!
Then may we, wond'ring, read how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms and diſſolv'd in ſtreams;
Of thoſe rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold,
How ſome in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a ſecond life, and diff'rent natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himſelf can tell.

Magd. College, Oxon.
June 2. 1693.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST

ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL *.

April 3. 1694.

SINCE, deareſt Harry! you will needs requeſt
A ſhort account of all the Muſe poſſeſt,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have ſpent their noble rage in Britiſh rhymes,
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To ſpeak the undertaker's want of ſtrength,

* Afterwards Dr. Sacheverell.

I'll try to make their ſev'ral beauties known,
And ſhow their verſes' worth, tho' not my own.
Long had our dull forefathers ſlept ſupine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine,
Till Chaucer firſt, a merry bard, aroſe,
And many a ſtory told in rhyme and proſe;
But age has ruſted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obſcur'd his wit;
In vain he jeſts in his unpoliſh'd ſtrain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
Old Spenſer next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age that, yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, purſu'd
Thro' pathleſs fields and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
But now the myſtic tale that pleas'd of yore
Can charm an underſtanding age no more;
The long-ſpun allegories fulſome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well pleas'd at diſtance all the ſights
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damſels in diſtreſs, and courteous knights;
But when we look too near the ſhades decay,
And all the pleaſing landſcape fades away.
Great Cowley then (a mighty genius!) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and laviſh of his thought:
His turns too cloſely on the reader preſs;
He more had pleas'd us had he pleas'd us leſs:

One glittering thought no ſooner ſtrikes our eyes
With ſilent wonder, but new wonders riſe;
As in the Milky-way a ſhining white
O'erflows the heav'ns with one continued light,
That not a ſingle ſtar can ſhew his rays,
Whilſt jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great Poet! that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verſe with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its exceſs;
But wit like thine in any ſhape will pleaſe.
What Muſe but thine can equal hints inſpire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre?
Pindar! whom others, in a labour'd ſtrain,
And forc'd expreſſion, imitate in vain?
Well pleas'd in thee he ſoars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verſe, and takes a nobler flight.

Bleſs'd man! whoſe ſpotleſs life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praiſe;
Bleſs'd man! who now ſhall be for ever known
In Sprat's ſucceſsful labours and thy own.

But Milton next, with high and haughty ſtalks,
Unfetter'd in majeſtic numbers, walks:
No vulgar hero can his Muſe engage,
Nor earth's wide ſcene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! ſee! he upward ſprings, and, tow'ring high,
Spurns the dull province of mortality;

Shakes Heav'n's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And ſets th' almighty Thunderer in arms!
Whate'er his pen deſcribes I more than ſee,
Whilſt ev'ry verſe, array'd in majeſty,
Bold and ſublime, my whole attention draws,
And ſeems above the critic's nicer laws.
How are you ſtruck with terror and delight,
When angel with archangel copes in fight!
When great Meſſiah's outſpread banner ſhines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What ſound of brazen wheels, what thunder, ſcare
And ſtun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my ſpirits and my blood retire,
To ſee the ſeraphs ſunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager ſteps, from hence I riſe,
And view the firſt gay ſcenes of Paradiſe,
What tongue, what words of rapture, can expreſs
A viſion ſo profuſe of pleaſantneſs!
Oh! had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varniſh o'er the guilt of faithleſs men,
His other works might have deſerv'd applauſe;
But now the language can't ſupport the cauſe;
While the clean current, tho' ſerene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the ſight.

But now, my Muſe, a ſofter ſtrain rehearſe,
Turn ev'ry line with art, and ſmooth thy verſe;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muſe! tune thy verſe with art to Waller's praiſe.

While tender airs and lovely dames inſpire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate deſire,
So long ſhall Waller's ſtrains our paſſion move,
And Sachariſſa's beauty kindle love.
Thy verſe, harmonious Bard! and flatt'ring ſong,
Can make the vanquiſh'd great, the coward ſtrong;
Thy verſe can ſhow ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the ſtorm that bore him hence!
Oh, had thy Muſe not come an age too ſoon,
But ſeen great Naſſau on the Britiſh throne,
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What ſcenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyn's wide current reek'd in blood!
Or if Maria's * charms thou wouldſt rehearſe
In ſmoother numbers and a ſofter verſe,
Thy pen had well deſcrib'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have ſeem'd more fair.
  Nor muſt Roſcommon paſs neglected by,
That makes e'en Rules a noble poetry;
Rules whoſe deep ſenſe and heav'nly numbers ſhow
The beſt of critics and of poets too.
Nor, Denham! muſt we e'er forget thy ſtrains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighb'ring plains.
  But ſee where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years!
Great Dryden next! whoſe tuneful Muſe affords
The ſweeteſt numbers and the fitteſt words.

* Queen Mary.

Whether in comic ſounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, ſhe moves our ſmiles or tears.
If ſatire or heroic ſtrains ſhe writes,
Her hero pleaſes, and her ſatire bites.
From her no harſh unartful numbers fall;
She wears all dreſſes, and ſhe charms in all.
How might we fear our Engliſh poetry,
That long has flouriſh'd, ſhould decay with thee,
Did not the Muſes' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve! and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whoſe fancy's unexhauſted ſtore
Has given already much, and promis'd more:
Congreve ſhall ſtill preſerve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's Muſe ſhall in his friend ſurvive.
  I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But juſtice ſtill demands one labour more:
The noble Montagu remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment, fam'd:
To Dorſet he directs his artful Muſe,
In numbers ſuch as Dorſet's ſelf might uſe.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verſe, and writes in looſe familiar ſtrains!
How Naſſau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory ſhines!
We ſee his army ſet in juſt array,
And Boyn's dy'd waves run purple to the ſea.
Nor Simois, chok'd with men, and arms, and blood,
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,

Shall longer be the poet's higheſt themes;
Tho' gods and heroes fought promiſcuous in their ſtreams:
But now, to Naſſau's ſecret councils rais'd,
He aids the hero whom before he prais'd.
  I've done at length; and now, dear Friend! receive
The laſt poor preſent that my Muſe can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verſe
To them that practiſe 'em with more ſucceſs.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell;
And ſo at once, dear Friend and Muſe! farewell.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

SIR JOHN SOMERS,

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL.

THE AUTHOR'S AGE TWENTY-FOUR.

If yet your thoughts are looſe from ſtate affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares;
If yet your time and actions are your own,
Receive the preſent of a Muſe unknown;
A Muſe that in advent'rous numbers ſings
The rout of armies and the fall of kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace reſtor'd,
By Somers' counſels and by Naſſau's ſword.
  To you, my Lord, theſe daring thoughts belong,
Who help'd to raiſe the ſubject of my ſong;

To you the hero of my verſe reveals
His great deſigns, to you in council tells
His inmoſt thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unſtorm'd and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal ſtrains,
Deſcribe his conduct and reward his pains;
But ſince the ſtate has all your cares engroſt,
And poetry in higher thoughts is loſt,
Attend to what a leſſer Muſe indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.
On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment muſt expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar paſſions, are above
Degrading envy or miſguided love.
If you, well pleas'd, ſhall ſmile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raiſe,
For next to what you write is what you praiſe.

TO THE KING.

When now the bus'neſs of the field is o'er,
The trumpets ſleep and cannons ceaſe to roar,
When ev'ry diſmal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid,
Attend, auſpicious Prince! and let the Muſe
In humble accents milder thoughts infuſe.
Others, in bold prophetic numbers ſkill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;

My Muſe, expecting, on the Britiſh ſtrand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft' has ſeen thee preſſing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in ev'ry blow,
But durſt not in heroic ſtrains rejoice;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons, drown'd her voice:
She ſaw the Boyn run thick with human gore,
And floting corpſe' lie beating on the ſhore;
She ſaw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her hero thro' the duſty plain,
When thro' the thick embattled lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidſt the foes, now loſt in clouds of ſmoke.
O that ſome Muſe, renown'd for lofty verſe,
In daring numbers would thy toils rehearſe!
Draw thee belov'd in peace and fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to noonday ſweats and midnight cares!
But ſtill the godlike man, by ſome hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;
Too late the verſe the mighty act ſucceeds;
One age the hero, one the poet, breeds.
A thouſand years in full ſucceſſion ran
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice, and ſung the man
Who, driv'n by ſtreſs of Fate, ſuch dangers bore
On ſtormy ſeas and a diſaſtrous ſhore,
Before he ſettled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.
Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce
Ere Homer muſter'd up their troops in verſe;

Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' luſt,
And laid the labour of the gods in duſt,
Before the tow'ring Muſe began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields and rolling floods,
Or ſlaught'ring mortals, or a match for gods.
  And here, perhaps, by Fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That ſhall in William's godlike acts engage,
And with his battles warm a future age.
Hibernian fields ſhall here thy conqueſts ſhow,
And Boyn be ſung when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic labours ſhall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe ſhall wear another name.
Our late poſterity, with ſecret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleaſure read
How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd,
The guiltleſs bullet on thy ſhoulder glanc'd.
  The race of Naſſaus was by Heav'n deſign'd
To curb the proud oppreſſors of mankind,
To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in ev'ry injur'd nation's cauſe,
The world's great patriots; they for juſtice call,
And as they favour kingdoms riſe or fall.
Our Britiſh youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careleſs of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;

But now, inſpir'd by thee, with freſh delight
Their ſwords they brandiſh, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conqueſts on the main,
And act their fathers' triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd when they hear how Agincourt was ſtrow'd
With Gallic corpſe', and Creſſi ſwam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who firſt ſhall ſtorm the breach or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts and repel their courſe;
They break thro' all, for William leads the way
Where fires rage moſt and loudeſt engines play.
Namure's late terrors and deſtruction ſhow
What William, warm'd with juſt revenge, can do:
Where once a thouſand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded ſpires, and glitter'd in the ſky,
An undiſtinguiſh'd heap of duſt is found,
And all the pile lies ſmoking on the ground.
His toils, for no ignoble ends deſign'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widows' tears:
Oppreſs'd Religion gives the firſt alarms,
And injur'd Juſtice ſets him in his arms;
His conqueſts freedom to the world afford,
And nations bleſs the labours of his ſword.
Thus when the forming Muſe would copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,

She ſets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down and monſters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and ſmear'd with duſt and ſweat,
Whilſt angry gods conſpire to make him great.
Thy navy rides on ſeas before unpreſt,
And ſtrikes a terror thro' the haughty Eaſt;
Algiers and Tunis, from their ſultry ſhore,
With horror hear the Britiſh engines roar;
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers would they run,
And wiſh themſelves ſtill nearer to the ſun.
The Gallic ſhips are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common uſe of ſea and wind,
Nor dare again the Britiſh ſtrength engage;
Still they remember that deſtructive rage
Which lately made their trembling hoſt retire,
Stunn'd with the noiſe, and wrapt in ſmoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were ſtrow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiſcuous flow'd.
Spain's num'rous fleet, that periſh'd on our coaſt,
Could ſcarce a longer line of battle boaſt,
The winds could hardly drive 'em to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.
Where'er the waves in reſtleſs errors roll,
The ſea lies open now to either pole;
Now may we ſafely uſe the northern gales,
And in the Polar Circle ſpread our ſails;
Or deep in ſouthern climes, ſecure from wars,
New lands explore, and ſail by other ſtars;

Fetch uncontroll'd each labour of the ſun,
And make the product of the world our own.
  At length, proud Prince! ambitious Louis! ceaſe
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the ſtructures which thy pride has ras'd,
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waſte;
Think on the heaps of corpſe' and ſtreams of blood,
On every guilty plain and purple flood
Thy arms have made, and ceaſe an impious war,
Nor waſte the lives entruſted to thy care:
Or if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind!
See mighty Naſſau thro' the battle ride,
And ſee thy ſubjects gaſping by his ſide!
Fain would the pious prince refuſe th' alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm,
But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries ſtol'n, and captives unreſtor'd,
Give ſtrength to ev'ry blow, and edge his ſword.
Behold with what reſiſtleſs force he falls
On towns beſieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Aſk Villeroy, for Villeroy beheld
The town ſurrender'd and the treaty ſeal'd,
With what amazing ſtrength the forts were won,
Whilſt the whole pow'r of France ſtood looking on.
  But ſtop not here: behold where Berkeley ſtands,
And executes his injur'd King's commands;

Around thy coaſt his burſting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels and falling tow'rs;
With hiſſing ſtreams of fire the air they ſtreak,
And hurl deſtruction round 'em where they break;
The ſkies with long aſcending flames are bright,
And all the ſea reflects a quivering light.
Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heav'n with aſhes and the earth with ſmoke;
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten ſtones and ſcatter'd cinders fly;
Its fury reaches the remoteſt coaſt,
And ſtrows the Aſiatic ſhore with duſt.
Now does the ſailor from the neighb'ring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can deſcry,
But ſees a long unmeaſur'd ruin lie,
Whilſt, pointing to the naked coaſt, he ſhows
His wondring mates where towns and ſteeples roſe,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd,
And ſingles out the place where once St. Maloes ſtood.
Here Ruſſel's actions ſhould my Muſe require,
And would my ſtrength but ſecond my deſire,
I'd all his boundleſs bravery rehearſe,
And draw his cannons thund'ring in my verſe;
High on the deck ſhould the great leader ſtand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand,
Like Homer's Hector, when he flung his fire
Amidſt a thouſand ſhips, and made all Greece retire.

But who can run the Britiſh triumphs o'er,
And count the flames diſperſt on ev'ry ſhore?
Who can deſcribe the ſcatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from ſea to ſea?
Elſe who could Ormond's godlike acts refuſe?
Ormond! the theme of ev'ry Oxford Muſe.
Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chaſe of fame,
Thro' all the noiſe and hurry of the fight
Obſerve each blow, and keep him ſtill in ſight.
Oh! did our Britiſh peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great forefathers won,
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the laſt that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if ſuch abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood?
When ſuch, detain'd at home, ſupport our ſtate
In William's ſtead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The ſchemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
And blaſt the counſels of the common foe,
Direct our armies, and diſtribute right,
And render our Maria's * loſs more light?
But ſtop, my Muſe, th' ungrateful ſound forbear,
Maria's name ſtill wounds each Britiſh ear;
Each Britiſh heart Maria ſtill does wound,
And tears burſt out unbidden at the ſound;
Maria ſtill our riſing mirth deſtroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.

* Queen Mary, who died.

But ſee, at length, the Britiſh ſhips appear!
Our Naſſau comes! and, as his fleet draws near,
The riſing maſts advance, the ſails grow white,
And all his pompous navy flotes in ſight.
Come, mighty Prince! deſir'd of Britain! come;
May Heav'n's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look
Which ſuch confuſion and amazement ſtrook
Thro' Gallic hoſts; but, oh! let us deſcry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleaſure in the eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a while forget the trumpet's ſound;
Well pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love:
For as, when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of death encompaſs'd you around,
And ſteeds o'erturn'd lay foaming on the ground;
So, crown'd with laurels now, where'er you go,
Around you blooming joys and peaceful bleſſings flow.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER! with ſilence and ſurpriſe
We ſee Britannia's monarch riſe,

A godlike form, by thee diſplay'd
In all the force of light and ſhade,
And, aw'd by thy deluſive hand,
As in the Preſence-chamber ſtand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His ſecret ſoul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildneſs ſhows,
His care of friends and ſcorn of foes:
In every ſtroke, in every line,
Does ſome exalted virtue ſhine,
And Albion's happineſs we trace
Thro' all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day
When the glad nation ſhall ſurvey
Their ſov'reign thro' his wide command,
Paſſing in progreſs o'er the land!
Each heart ſhall bend, and ev'ry voice
In loud applauding ſhouts rejoice,
Whilſt all his gracious aſpect praiſe,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
The image on the medal placed,
With its bright round of titles graced,
And ſtampt on Britiſh coins, ſhall live,
To richeſt ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form the genial ſun
Has daily, ſince his courſe begun,

Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.
Thou, Kneller! long with noble pride,
The foremoſt of thy art, haſt vy'd
With Nature in a gen'rous ſtrife,
And touch'd the canvaſs into life:
Thy pencil has, by monarchs ſought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of ſtate array'd,
The kings of half an age diſplay'd.
Here ſwarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Naſſau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd:
There Anna, great as when ſhe ſent
Her armies thro' the Continent,
Ere yet her hero was diſgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunſwick be the laſt,
(Tho' Heav'n ſhould with my wiſh agree,
And long preſerve thy art in thee)
The laſt, the happieſt, Britiſh king,
Whom thou ſhalt paint or I ſhall ſing!
Wiſe Phidias thus, his ſkill to prove,
Thro' many a god advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the poliſh'd rocks to ſhine
With airs and lineaments divine,
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
Th' aſſembled deities ſurvey'd.

Great Pan, who wont to chaſe the fair,
And lov'd the ſpreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn, too, with up-caſt eyes
Beheld his abdicated ſkies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childleſs goddeſs roſe,
Minerva, ſtudious to compoſe
Her twiſted threads; the web ſhe ſtrung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was ſeen
Reclining on a fun'ral urn,
Her ſhort-liv'd darling ſon to mourn:
The laſt was he whoſe thunder flew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.
This wonder of the ſculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a ſtand;
For who would hope new fame to raiſe,
Or riſk his well-eſtabliſh'd praiſe,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George or carv'd a Jove?

To her Royal Highneſs

THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO. NOV. 1714.

THE Muſe that oft', with ſacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of liberty inſpir'd,
And, boldly riſing for Britannia's laws,
Engag'd great Cato in her country's cauſe,
On you ſubmiſſive waits, with hopes aſſur'd,
By whom the mighty bleſſing ſtands ſecur'd,
And all the glories that our age adorn
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.
No longer ſhall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage and a doubtful throne,
But boaſt her royal progeny's increaſe,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to ſtrengthen and to grace our iſle!
While you, fair Princeſs! in your offspring ſmile,
Supplying charms to the ſucceeding age,
Each heav'nly daughter's triumph we preſage,
Already ſee th' illuſtrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to ſigh in vain.
Thou, too, the darling of our fond deſires,
Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires,
With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce and captivate the fair.

O England's younger hope! in whom confpire
The mother's fweetnefs and the father's fire!
For thee perhaps, even now, of kingly race,
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some Carolina, to Heav'n's dictates true,
Who, while the fceptred rivals vainly fue,
Thy inborn worth with confcious eyes fhall fee,
And flight th' imperial diadem for thee.
Pleas'd with the profpect of fucceffive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring ftrains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppreſs'd,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty diftrefs'd:
To milder founds each Mufe fhall tune the lyre,
And gratitude and faith to kings infpire,
And filial love; bid impious difcord ceafe,
And footh the madding factions into peace;
Or rife ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new monarch's praife,
Defcribe his awful look and godlike mind,
And Cæfar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.
Mean-while, bright Princefs! who with graceful eafe
And native majefty are form'd to pleafe,
Behold thofe arts with a propitious eye,
That fuppliant to their great protectrefs fly;
Then fhall they triumph, and the Britifh ftage
Improve her manners and refine her rage,
More noble characters expofe to view,
And draw her finifh'd heroines from you.

Nor your the kind indulgence will refuſe,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathleſs Muſe:
The deathleſs Muſe with undiminiſh'd rays
Thro' diſtant time the lovely dame conveys.
To Gloriana Waller's harp was ſtrung;
The queen ſtill ſhines, becauſe the poet ſung.
Ev'n all thoſe graces in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find,
(Content our ſhort-liv'd praiſes to engage,
The joy and wonder of a ſingle age)
Unleſs ſome poet in a laſting ſong
To late poſterity their fame prolong,
Inſtruct our ſons the radiant form to prize,
And ſee your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

A SONG

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY AT OXFORD.

I.

Cecilia! whoſe exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the bleſt,
In choirs of warbling ſeraphims
Known and diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Attend, harmonious Saint! and ſee
Thy vocal ſons of Harmony;
Attend, harmonious Saint! and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And as thou ſing'ſt thy God, teach us to ſing of thee:

Tune ev'ry ſtring and ev'ry tongue;
Be thou the Muſe and ſubject of our ſong.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praiſe proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raiſe,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays!
The organ labours in her praiſe.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace;
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly;
In ſoaring trebles now it riſes high,
And now it ſinks, and dwells upon the baſe.
Cecilia's name thro' all the notes we ſing,
The work of ev'ry ſkilful tongue,
The ſound of every trembling ſtring,
The ſound and triumph of our ſong.

III.

For ever conſecrate the day
To muſic and Cecilia;
Muſic! the greateſt good that mortals know,
And all of heav'n we have below.
Muſic can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love,
With unſuſpected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with ſecret art.
When Orpheus ſtrikes the trembling lyre
The ſtreams ſtand ſtill, the ſtones admire;
The liſt'ning ſavages advance,

The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward meaſures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance:
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a ſhade.

IV.

Muſic religious heats inſpires;
It wakes the ſoul and lifts it high,
And wings it with ſublime deſires,
And fits it to beſpeak the Deity.
Th'Almighty liſtens to a tuneful tongue,
And ſeems well pleas'd and courted with a ſong.
Soft moving ſounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs.
When time itſelf ſhall be no more,
And all things in confuſion hurl'd,
Muſic ſhall then exert its pow'r,
And ſound ſurvive the ruins of the world:
Then ſaints and angels ſhall agree
In one eternal jubilee;
All heav'n ſhall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himſelf with pleaſure ſee
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Conſecrate the place and day
To muſic and Cecilia:
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,

Nor rudely ſhake the tuneful air,
Nor ſpoil the fleeting ſounds;
Nor mournful ſigh nor groan be heard,
But gladneſs dwell on ev'ry tongue,
Whilſt all, with voice and ſtrings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious ſong,
And imitate the bleſs'd above
In joy, and harmony, and love.

THE CAMPAIGN,

A POEM.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

--------Rheni pacator et Iſtri.
Omnis in hoc uno variis diſcordia ceſſit
Ordinibus; laetatur eques, plauditque ſenator,
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.
Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

Eſſe aliquam in terris gentem quae ſua impenſa, ſuo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquae vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis praeſtet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injuſtum imperium ſit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentiſſima ſint. Liv. Hiſt. lib. xxxiii.

WHILE crowds of princes your deſerts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While emperors to you commit their cauſe,
And Anna's praiſes crown the vaſt applauſe,
Accept, great Leader! what the Muſe recites,
That in ambitious verſe attempts your fights.

Fir'd and tranſported with a theme ſo new,
Ten thouſand wonders op'ning to my view
Shine forth at once; ſieges and ſtorms appear,
And wars and conqueſts fill th' important year;
Rivers of blood I ſee, and hills of ſlain,
An Iliad riſing out of one Campaign.
The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry ſide;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were ſubdu'd,
And in the midſt of his wide empire ſtood;
Auſonia's ſtates, the victor to reſtrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Appennines in vain,
Nor found themſelves, with ſtrength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlaſting hills ſecur'd;
The riſing Danube its long race began,
And half its courſe thro' the new conqueſts ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her ſov'reign's fates,
Germania trembled thro' a hundred ſtates;
Great Leopold himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but ſaw no ſuccour near;
He gaz'd, and, half-abandon'd to deſpair,
His hopes on Heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.
To Britain's Queen the nations turn their eyes;
On her reſolves the weſtern world relies,
Confiding ſtill, amidſt its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain! from the kingdoms rent,
To ſit the guardian of the Continent!

That ſees her braveſt ſon advanc'd ſo high,
And flouriſhing ſo near her prince's eye:
Thy fav'rites grow not up by Fortune's ſport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
On the firm baſis of deſert they riſe,
From long-try'd faith, and friendſhip's holy ties:
Their ſov'reign's well-diſtinguiſh'd ſmiles they ſhare,
Her ornaments in peace, her ſtrength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice,
By ſhow'rs of bleſſings Heav'n approves their choice;
Envy itſelf is dumb, in wonder loſt,
And factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud 'em moſt.
  Soon as ſoft vernal breezes warm the ſky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly:
Her chief already has his march begun,
Croſſing the provinces himſelf had won,
Till the Moſelle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progreſs of the moving war;
Delightful ſtream! had Nature bid her fall
In diſtant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul:
But now a purchaſe to the ſword ſhe lies,
Her harveſts for uncertain owners riſe,
Each vineyard doubtful of its maſter grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows:
The diſcontented ſhades of ſlaughter'd hoſts
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes' ghoſts,
Hop'd, when they ſaw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our godlike leader, ere the ſtream he paſt,
The mighty ſcheme of all his labours caſt,
Forming the wondrous year within his thought;
His boſom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he firſt ſurveys,
And joins the diſtant Danube to the Maeſe,
Between whoſe floods ſuch pathleſs foreſts grow,
Such mountains riſe, ſo many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger ſerves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful courſe, and the proud foe purſues.
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The ſultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Mayne he finds
Defenſive ſhadows and refreſhing winds.
Our Britiſh youth, with inborn freedom bold,
Unnumber'd ſcenes of ſervitude behold,
Nations of ſlaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly inſtructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native ſoil.
Still to the riſing ſun they take their way
Thro' clouds of duſt, and gain upon the day:
When now the Neckar on its friendly coaſt
With cooling ſtreams revives the fainting hoſt,
That cheerfully his labours paſt forgets,
The midnight watches and the noonday heats.

O'er proſtrate towns and palaces they paſs,
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in graſs)
Breathing revenge, whilſt anger and diſdain
Fire ev'ry breaſt, and boil in ev'ry vein.
Here ſhatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Riſe up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilſt here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Induſtrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.
At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great ſouls by inſtinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendſhip burn;
A ſudden friendſhip, while with ſtretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Poliſh'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conqueſt, and in council ſkill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting ſpirits and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the ſoul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reaſon, and by reaſon cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle ſhown:
To ſouls like theſe, in mutual friendſhip join'd,
Heav'n dares intruſt the cauſe of human-kind.
Britannia's graceful ſons appear in arms,
Her haraſs'd troops the hero's preſence warms,
Whilſt the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of Britiſh ſhouts reſound:

Doubling their ſpeed they march with freſh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the ſtaunch hound the trembling deer purſues,
And ſmells his footſteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unrav'lling by degrees;
But when the ſcent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he ſhoots away
On his full ſtretch, and bears upon his prey.
The march concludes, the various realms are paſt,
Th' immortal Schellemberg appears at laſt:
Like hills th' aſpiring ramparts riſe on high,
Like vallies at their feet the trenches lie;
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal paſs,
Threat'ning deſtruction; rows of hollow braſs,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilſt in their wombs ten thouſand thunders ſleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious ſight,
His march o'erpaid by ſuch a promis'd fight.
The weſtern ſun now ſhot a feeble ray,
And faintly ſcatter'd the remains of day:
Ev'ning approach'd; but, oh! what hoſt of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning cloſe!
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The cloſe-compacted Britons win their way:
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waſte;
Still preſſing forward to the fight, they broke
Thro' flames of ſulphur and a night of ſmoke,

Till ſlaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.
High on the works the mingling hoſts engage;
The battle, kindled into tenfold rage,
With ſhow'rs of bullets, and with ſtorms of fire,
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire;
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And loſt, in one promiſcuous carnage lie.
How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illuſtrious youths, that left their native ſhore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat,
Only deſtructive to the brave and great!)
After ſuch toils o'ercome, ſuch dangers paſt,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their laſt.
But hold, my Muſe! may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear;
While Marlbrô lives Britannia's ſtars diſpenſe
A friendly light, and ſhine in innocence:
Plunging thro' ſeas of blood his fiery ſteed,
Where'er his friends retire or foes ſucceed;
Thoſe he ſupports, theſe drives to ſudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.
Forbear, great Man! renown'd in arms! forbear
To brave the thickeſt terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's ſafety and the world's repoſe;

Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This ſcorn of danger and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'ſt not for thyſelf; thy Queen demands
Conqueſt and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's deſtiny depends on thine.
At length the long-diſputed paſs they gain,
By crowded armies fortify'd in vain.
The war breaks in; the fierce Bavarians yield,
And ſee their camp with Britiſh legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their ſhatter'd ſides
The ſea's whole weight increas'd with ſwelling tides;
But if the ruſhing wave a paſſage finds,
Enrag'd by wat'ry moons and warring winds,
The trembling peaſant ſees his country round
Cover'd with tempeſts, and in oceans drown'd.
The few ſurviving foes diſpers'd in flight,
(Refuſe of ſwords, and gleanings of a fight)
In ev'ry ruſtling wind the victor hear,
And Marlbrô's form in ev'ry ſhadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their diſgrace.
To Donavert, with unreſiſted force,
The gay victorious army bends its courſe.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever ſpoils Bavaria's ſummer yields,
(The Danube's great increaſe) Britannia ſhares,
The food of armies and ſupport of wars:

F

With magazines of death, deſtructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern ſtor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.
Deluded Prince! how is thy greatneſs croſt,
And all the gaudy dream of empire loſt,
That proudly ſet thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall ſhortly ſeek for ſhelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there: ſurrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'ſt th' aſſiſtance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in ſafety ſhall advance,
And crowd thy ſtandards with the pow'r of France,
While, to exalt thy doom, th' aſpiring Gaul
Shares thy deſtruction, and adorns thy fall.
Unbounded courage and compaſſion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he ſtrive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he ſtrove in vain,
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to ſpare
His riſing wrath, and gives a looſe to war.
In vengeance rous'd the ſoldier fills his hand
With ſword and fire, and ravages the land;
A thouſand villages to aſhes turns,
In crackling flames a thouſand harveſts burns.

To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And, mix'd with bellowing herds, confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common ſhade partake,
And cries of infants ſound in ev'ry brake:
The liſt'ning ſoldier fix'd in ſorrow ſtands,
Loath to obey his leader's juſt commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity ſway'd,
To ſee his juſt commands ſo well obey'd.
But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In ſhriller clangors animates the war,
Confed'rate drums in fuller conſort beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat.
Gallia's proud ſtandards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blaſted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled hoſt he views
Stretch'd out in deep array and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his ſtrength.
The fatal day its mighty courſe began,
That the griev'd world had long deſir'd in vain:
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And pray'rs in bitterneſs of ſoul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence aſſail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd:
The day was come when Heav'n deſign'd to ſhow
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended ſquadrons ſhape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the braveſt hearts;
Yet do their beating breaſts demand the ſtrife,
And thirſt of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can Britiſh minds control;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of ſoul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his poſt,
Leſſen his numbers, and contract his hoſt.
Tho' fens and floods poſſeſs'd the middle ſpace,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to paſs,
Nor fens nor floods can ſtop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders ſtands.
But, O! my Muſe, what numbers wilt thou find
To ſing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drums' tumultuous ſound
The victors' ſhouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burſt of cannon rend the ſkies,
And all the thunder of the battle riſe!
'Twas then great Marlbrô's mighty ſoul was prov'd,
That, in the ſhock of charging hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt confuſion, horror, and deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful ſcenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death ſurvey'd,
To fainting ſquadrons ſent the timely aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.

So when an angel, by divine command,
With riſing tempeſts ſhakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia paſt,
Calm and ſerene he drives the furious blaſt,
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the ſtorm.
But ſee! the haughty Houſehold-troops advance,
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France:
The war's whole art each private ſoldier knows,
And with a gen'ral's love of conqueſt glows:
Proudly he marches on, and, void of fear,
Laughs at the ſhaking of the Britiſh ſpear.
Vain inſolence! with native freedom brave,
The meaneſt Briton ſcorns the higheſt ſlave;
Contempt and fury fire their ſouls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
Each fights as in his arm th' important day,
And all the fate of his great monarch, lay:
A thouſand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undiſtinguiſh'd die.
O Dormer! how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate?
How can I ſee the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unſung!
In joys of conqueſt he reſigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, ſmiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic ſquadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they ſhun;
Thouſands of fiery ſteeds, with wounds transfix'd,
Floting in gore, with their dead maſters mix'd,
'Midſt heaps of ſpears and ſtandards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, borne on the diſtant Soane,
Or ſounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Siene her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire thro' winding vineyards glides,
In heaps the rolling billows ſweep away,
And into Scythian ſeas their bloated corpſe' convey.
From Blenheim's tow'rs the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
His waving banners, that ſo oft' had ſtood
Planted in fields of death and ſtreams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And riſe triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remoteſt lines,
The hardy veteran with tears reſigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! oh! who can name
The pangs of rage, of ſorrow, and of ſhame,
That with mix'd tumult in thy boſom ſwell'd;
When firſt thou ſaw'ſt thy braveſt troops repell'd!
Thine only ſon pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gaſping on the ground,
Thyſelf in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive, wept.

An Engliſh Muſe is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly diſtreſs'd! thy loud complaints forbear;
Blame not the turns of Fate and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor bluſh to own
The fatal field by ſuch great leaders won;
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the ſecond honours of the day.
  With floods of gore that from the vanquiſh'd fell,
The marſhes ſtagnate and the rivers ſwell.
Mountains of ſlain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midſt the roarings of the Danube drown'd:
Whole captive hoſts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage and inglorious chains:
Ev'n thoſe who 'ſcape the fetters and the ſword,
Nor ſeek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king diſhonours, to complete
Marlbrô's great work, and finiſh the defeat.
  From Memminghen's high domes and Augſburg's
The diſtant battle drives th' inſulting Gauls; [walls,
Freed by the terror of the victor's name,
The reſcu'd ſtates his great protection claim;
Whilſt Ulme th' approach of her deliv'rer waits,
And longs to open her obſequious gates.
  The hero's breaſt ſtill ſwells with great deſigns;
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius ſhines:
If to the foe his dreadful courſe he bends,
O'er the wide Continent his march extends;

If ſieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are aſſaulted, and an army ſtorm'd;
If to the fight his active ſoul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What diſtant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious ſword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the ſeries of his toils complete?
  Where the ſwoln Rhine, ruſhing with all its force,
Divides the hoſtile nations in its courſe,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or ſtraiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's ſide a mighty bulwark ſtands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands;
Twice, ſince the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its ſide;
As oft' whole armies, with a prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long ſummer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects,
And, tho' the Dog-ſtar had its courſe begun,
Carries his arms ſtill nearer to the ſun:
Fix'd on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of ſeaſons and increaſe of heats:
No toils are painful that can danger ſhow,
No climes unlovely that contain a foe.
  The roving Gaul, to his own bounds reſtrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land,

But ſoon as the victorious hoſt he ſpies,
From hill to hill, from ſtream to ſtream, he flies;
Such dire impreſſions in his heart remain
Of Marlbrô's ſword and Hockſtet's fatal plain.
In vain Britannia's mighty chief beſets
Their ſhady coverts and obſcure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Auſtria's young monarch, whoſe imperial ſway
Sceptres and thrones are deſtin'd to obey,
Whoſe boaſted anceſtry ſo high extends,
That in the Pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own,
The great ſupporter of his father's throne.
What tides of glory to his boſom ran,
Claſp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleaſing wonder fix'd,
To ſee ſuch fire with ſo much ſweetneſs mix'd,
Such eaſy greatneſs, ſuch a graceful port,
So turn'd and finiſh'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And Nireus ſhone but in the ſecond place;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely fluſh'd with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath beſtow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by Marlbrô's preſence charm'd,
Taught by his counſels, by his actions warm'd,

On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Difcharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's fight.
The Britifh chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquefts crown'd,
To Belgian coafts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine purfues,
Clearing its borders from ufurping foes,
And blefs'd by refcu'd nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms,
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms,
Seated on rocks her proud foundations fhake,
While Marlbrô preffes to the bold attack,
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And fhows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance referv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirft of univerfal fway,
And fcarce can teach his fubjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race deftroy'd,
The works of ages funk in one Campaign,
And lives of millions facrific'd in vain.
Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares:
By her Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges thro' nations, wherefoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of fea and wind:

By her th' unfetter'd Iſter's ſtates are free,
And taſte the ſweets of Engliſh liberty:
But who can tell the joys of thoſe that lie
Beneath the conſtant influence of her eye!
Whilſt in diffuſive ſhow'rs her bounties fall
Like Heav'n's indulgence, and deſcend on all,
Secure the happy, ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
Make ev'ry ſubject glad, and a whole people bleſs'd.
Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearſe,
In the ſmooth records of a faithful verſe,
That, if ſuch numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell poſterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries muſt be taught to ſpeak;
Gods may deſcend in factions from the ſkies,
And rivers from their oozy beds ariſe;
Fiction may deck the truth with ſpurious rays,
And round the hero caſt a borrow'd blaze:
Marlbrô's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly ſhine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themſelves, their genuine charms they boaſt,
And thoſe who paint 'em trueſt praiſe 'em moſt.

LETTERA SCRITTA D'ITALIA,

AL MOLTO ONORABILE

CARLO CONTE HALIFAX.

DAL SIGNORE GIUSEPPE ADDISON, L'ANNO MDCCI.

IN VERSI INGLESI.

E tradotta in versi Toscani *.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquae laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes. VIRG. Georg. 2.

MENTRE, Signor, l'ombre villesche attragonvi,
E di Britannia dagli ufici toltovi
Non piu, ch' a suoi ingrati figli piaccia
Per lor vantaggio, vostro ozio immolate;
Me in esteri regni il fato invia
Entro genti feconde in carmi eterni,
U la dolce stagion, e'l vago clima
Fanno, che vostra quiete in versi io turbi.
Ovunque io giri i miei rapiti lumi,
Scene auree, liete, e chiare viste inalzansi,
Attornianmi poetiche campagne,
Parmi ognor di calcar classico suolo;

* By the Abbot Anton. Maria Salvini, Greek Professor at Florence.

Sì ſovente ivi Muſa accordò l'arpa,
Che non cantato niun colle ſorgevi,
Celebre in verſi ivi ogni pianta creſce,
E in celeſte armonia ciaſcun rio corre.
 Come mi giova a cercar poggi e boſchi
Per chiare fonti, e celebrati fumi!
Alla Nera veder fiera in ſuo corſo,
Tracciar Clitumno chiaro in ſua ſorgente!
Veder condur ſua ſchiera d'acque il Mincio
Per lunghi giri di feconda ripa!
E d'Albula canuta il guado infetto
Suo caldo letto di fumante ſolfo!
 Di mille eſtaſi acceſo, io ſopraveggio
Correre il Po per praterie fiorite
De fiumi re, che ſovra i pian ſcorrendo,
Le torreggianti Alpi in natia muraglia
Della metà di loro umore aſciuga;
Superbo, e gonfio dell' hiberne nevi
L'abbondanza comparte ov' egli corre.
 Talor ſmarrito dal drappel ſonoro,
I rii rimiro immortalati in canto,
Che giaccionſi in ſilenzio, e obblio perduti,
(Muti i lor fonti ſon, ſecche lor vene)
Pur, per ſenno di Muſe, ei ſon perenni,
Lor mormorio perenne in terſi carmi.
 Talora al gentil Tebro io mi ritiro,
Le vote ripe del gran fiume ammiro,
Che privo di poter ſuo corſo tragge

D'una grette urna, e ſterile ſorgente;
Pur ſuona ei nelle bocche de poeti,
Sicche 'l miro al Danubio e al Nil far ſcorno;
Così Muſa immortale in alto il leva!
Tal' era il Boin, povero ignobil fiume,
Che nelle Hiberne valli oſcuro errava,
E inoſſervato in ſuoi giri ſeherzava,
Quando per voſtri verſi, e per la ſpada
Di Naſsò, rinomato, l' onde ſue
Levate in alto per mondo riſuonano,
Ovunque dello eroe le divin' opre,
E ove andrà fama d' immortal verſo.
Oh l' eſtatico mio petto inſpiraſſe
Muſa con un furor ſimile al voſtro,
Infinite bellezze avria 'l mio verſo,
Cederia di Virgilio a quel l' Italia!
Mira quali auree ſelve attorno ridonmi!
Che della tempeſtoſa di Britannia
Iſola sì ne ſchivano la coſta;
O trapiantate, e con penſier guardate,
Maledicon la fredda regione,
E nell' aria del norte illanguidiſcono.
Calor dolor il montante umor ne lievita
A nobil guſti e pin eſaltati odori;
Rozze ancor rupi molle mirto menano
Ricco profumo, peſte erbette olezzano.
Portimi, un dio, di Baia a i gentil ſeggi,
O ne verdi ritiri d'Umbria traggani,

Ove i ponenti eterna han refidenza,
Tutte Stagioni lor pompa profondono;
Germogli, e frutti, e fiori, infieme allegano,
E in gaia confufion fta l' anno tutto.
Glorie immortali in mia mente rivivono,
Combatton nel cuor mio ben mille affetti,
Allorache di Roma l'efaltate
Bellezze giu giacerfi io ne difcuopro,
Magnificenti in moli di ruine.
D' anfiteatro una ftupenda altezza
Di terror miriempie e di diletto,
Che Roma ne fuoi pubblici fpettacoli
Difpopolava, e nazioni intere
Agiatamente in fuo grembo capia:
Paffanvi i ciel colonne afpre d' intaglio,
Di trionfo fuperbi archi là forgono,
U de prifchi Roman l' immortal' opre
Difpiegate alla vifta ognor rinfacciano
La vile loro tralignata ftirpe:
Qui tutti e fiumi lafcian giu lor piani,
Per aerei condotti in alto corrono.
Sempre a novelle fcene mia vagante
Mufa sì fi ritragge, e muta ammira
L' alto fpettacol d' animate rupi,
Ove moftrò fcalpel tutta fua forza,
Ed in carne addolcì fcabrofo faffo.
In folenne filenzio, in maeftade
Eroi ftannofi, e Dei, e Roman Confoli:

Torvi tiranni, in crudeltà famoſi,
E imperadori in Pario marmo acciglianſi;
Mentre dame brillanti, a cui con umile
Servitù ſtan ſoggetti, ognora moſtrano
I vezzi, che gli altieri cuor domaro.
Volentieri io vorria di Raffaele
Contar l'arte divina, e far vedere
Gl' immortali lavori nel mio verſo,
Là ve da miſta forza d'ombre, e luce
Nuova creazion ſorge a mia viſta;
Tai celeſti figure eſcon da ſuo
Pennello, e i meſticati ſuoi colori
Caldi di vita così ne sfavillano.
Di ſoggetto in ſoggetto d'un ſegreto
Piacer preſo, e infiammato attorno io giro
Tra la ſoave varietà perduto:
Mio ſtrabilito ſpirto qua confondono
Arie vezzoſe in circolanti note
Paſſeggianti, e in ſonori labirinti;
Cupole e templi s' alzan la in diſtanti
Vedute, ed in palagi aperti, ed ampli
A celebrargli invitano la Muſa.
Come indulgente Cielo adornò mai
La fortunata terra, e ſovra quella
Verſò benedizioni a piena mano!
Ma che vaglion le lor dovizie eterne,
Fioriti monti, e ſoleggiate rive,
Con tutti don che cielo e ſuol compartono,

I rifi di Natura, e i vezzi d' Arte,
Mentre altiera Oppreffion regna in fue valli,
E Tirannia fuoi pian felici ufurpa?
Il povreo abitante mira indarno
Il roffeggiante arancio, e 'l pingue grano:
Grefcer dolente ei mira ed oli e vini,
E de mirti odorar l'ombra fi fdegna;
In mezzo alla bontà de la Natura
Maledetto languifce, e dentro a cariche
Di vino vigne muore per la fete.
  O Libertà! o dea celefte, e bella,
Di ben profufa, e pregna di diletto!
Piaceri eterni te prefente regnano,
Guida tuo gaio tren lieta Dovizia;
Vien nel fuo pefo Suggezion piu lieve,
Povertà fembra allegra in tua veduta;
Fai di Natura il vifo ofcuro gaio,
Doni al fole bellezza, al giorno gioia.
  Te Dea, te la Britannia ifola adora;
Come ha fovente elle ogni ben fuo efaufto,
E fpeffo t' ha di morte in campi cerco!
Niuno penfa il tuo poffente pregio
A troppo caro prezzo effor comprato.
Puo fopra efteri monti il fole i grappoli
Per dolce fugo maturare a vino,
Di bofchi di cedrati ornare il fuolo,
Confiar la graffa oliva in flutti d' olio;
Non invidiamo il piu fervente clima

Dell' etere piu dolce in dieci gradi;
Di noſtro ciel maledizion non duolmi,
Ne a noi in capo Pleiadi ghiacciate;
Corona Libertà la Britann' iſola,
E fa ſue ſteril bianche rupi ridere.
  Le torreggianti moli altrui dilettino,
E le ſuperbe ambizioſe cupolo,
Un gentil colpo a una vil tela dare,
Od inſegnar ſaſſi animati a vivere;
D'Europa ſul deſtin vegliar Britannia
Ha cura, e bilanciar gli emuli ſtati;
Di guerra minacciare arditi regi,
Degli afflitti vicini udire i preghi.
Danno e Suecco, attaccati in fiere allarme,
Di lor armi pietoſe benedicono
La prudente condotta, e 'l buon governo;
Teſto che poi le noſtre flotte appaiono,
Ceſſano tutti i lor ſpaventi, e in pace
Tutto il ſettentrional mondo ſi giace.
  L'ambizioſo Gallo con ſegreto
Tremito vede all' aſpirante ſua
Teſta mirar di lei il gran tonante,
E volentieri i ſuoi divini figli
Vorrebbe diſuniti per ſtraniero
Oro, o pur per domeſtica conteſa;
Ma acquiſtare o dividere in van provaſi
Cui l'arme di Naſsò, e 'l ſenno guida.

Del nome acceſo, cui ſovente ho trovo
Remoti climi, e lingue riſonare,
Con pena imbriglio mia lottante Muſa,
Che ama lanciarſi in piu ardita prova.
Ma io di già hovvi turbato aſſai,
Ne tentar oſo un piu ſublime canto:
Più dolce thema il baſſo verſo chiedemi,
Fioriti prati o gorgoglianti rivi;
Mal proprio per gli eroi, che i carmi eterni
Qual di Virgilio, o voſtri onorar debbono.

A LETTER FROM ITALY,

To the Right Hon.

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum !tibi res antique laudis et artis
Aggredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes. VIRG. Georg. 2.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural ſhades admire,
And from Britannia's public poſts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful ſons to pleaſe,
For their advantage ſacrifice your eaſe,
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Thro' nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the ſoft ſeaſon and inviting clime
Conſpire to trouble your repoſe with rhyme.
For whereſoe'er I turn my raviſh'd eyes,
Gay gilded ſcenes and ſhining proſpects riſe;
Poetic fields encompaſs me around,
And ſtill I ſeem to tread on claſſic ground;
For here the Muſe ſo oft' her harp has ſtrung,
That not a mountain rears its head unſung;
Renown'd in verſe each ſhady thicket grows,
And ev'ry ſtream in heav'nly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to ſearch the hills and woods
For riſing ſprings and celebrated floods!

To view the Nar, tumultuous in his courſe,
And trace the ſmooth Clitumnus to his ſource!
To ſee the Mincio draw his wat'ry ſtore
Thro' the long windings of a fruitful ſhore!
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of ſmoking ſulphur glide!
Fir'd with a thouſand raptures, I ſurvey
Eridanus thro' flow'ry meadows ſtray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The tow'ring Alps of half their moiſture drains,
And proudly ſwoln with a whole winter's ſnows,
Diſtributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, miſguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for ſtreams immortaliz'd in ſong,
That loſt in ſilence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muſes' ſkill,
And in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty ſhores admire,
That, deſtitute of ſtrength, derives it courſe
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful ſource,
Yet ſung ſo often in poetic lays,
With ſcorn the Danube and the Nile ſurveys;
So high the deathleſs Muſe exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyn, a poor inglorious ſtream,
That in Hibernian vales obſcurely ſtray'd,
And, unobſerv'd, in wild meanders play'd,

Till by your lines and Naſſau's ſword renown'd,
Its riſing billows thro' the world reſound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verſe.
Oh could the Muſe my raviſh'd breaſt inſpire
With warmth like your's, and raiſe an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verſe ſhould ſhine,
And Virgil's Italy ſhould yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me ſmile!
That ſhun the coaſt of Britain's ſtormy iſle;
Or when tranſplanted, and preſerv'd with care,
Curſe the cold clime, and ſtarve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler taſtes and more exalted ſcents;
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds ſend out a rich perfume.
Bear me, ſome god, to Baia's gentle ſeats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats,
Where weſtern gales eternally reſide,
And all the Seaſons laviſh all their pride;
Bloſſoms, and fruits, and flowers, together riſe,
And the whole year in gay confuſion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my ſoul a thouſand paſſions ſtrive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I deſcry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,

That on its public ſhows unpleopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with ſculpture pierce the ſkies,
And here the proud triumphal arches riſe,
Where the old Romans deathleſs acts diſplay'd
Their baſe degen'rate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forſake the fields below,
And wond'ring at their height thro' airy channels flow.
Still to new ſcenes my wand'ring Muſe retires,
And the dumb ſhow of breathing rocks admires,
Where the ſmooth chiſſel all its force has ſhown,
And ſoften'd into fleſh the rugged ſtone.
In ſolemn ſilence, a majeſtic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman conſuls, ſtand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly ſu'd,
Still ſhow the charms that their proud hearts ſubdu'd.
Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearſe,
And ſhow th' immortal labours in my verſe,
Where from the mingled ſtrength of ſhade and light
A new creation riſes to my ſight;
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow,
From theme to theme with ſecret pleaſure toſt,
Amidſt the ſoft variety I'm loſt.
Here pleaſing airs my raviſh'd ſoul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of ſound;

Here domes and temples riſe in diſtant views,
And op'ning palaces invite my Muſe.
How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings with a waſteful hand!
But what avail her unexhauſted ſtores,
Her blooming mountains and her ſunny ſhores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The ſmiles of Nature and the charms of Art,
While proud Oppreſſion in her vallies reigns,
And Tyranny uſurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange and the ſwelling grain;
Joyleſs he ſees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant ſhade repines
Starves, in the midſt of Nature's bounty curſt,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirſt.
Oh, Liberty! thou goddeſs heav'nly bright,
Profuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleaſures in thy preſence reign,
And ſmiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy ſight;
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'ſt beauty to the ſun, and pleaſure to the day.
Thee, Goddeſs! thee Britannia's iſle adores;
How has ſhe oft' exhauſted all her ſtores,
How oft' in fields of death thy preſence ſought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!

On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
We envy not the warmer clime that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine;
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains [smile.

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight,
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvass give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live;
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state;
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbours' pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms;
Soon as her fleets appear their terrors cease,
And all the Northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name which I ſo oft' have found
The diſtant climes and diff'rent tongues reſound,
I bridle in my ſtruggling Muſe with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder ſtrain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous ſong:
My humble verſe demands a ſofter theme,
A painted meadow or a purling ſtream;
Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like your's, ſhould praiſe.

PROLOGUE

TO PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS *.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

Long has a race of heroes fill'd the ſtage,
That rant by note, and thro' the gamut rage;
In ſongs and airs expreſs their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a feuge expire;
While lull'd by ſound, and undiſturb'd by wit,
Calm and ſerene you indolently ſit,
And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddles repartee:
Our home-ſpun authors muſt forſake the field,
And Shakeſpeare to the ſoft Scarletti yield.
  To your new taſte the poet of this day
Was by a friend adviſ'd to form his play.
Had Valentini, muſically coy,
Shunn'd Phædra's arms, and ſcorn'd the proffer'd joy,
It had not mov'd your wonder to have ſeen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen:
How would it pleaſe ſhould ſhe in Engliſh ſpeak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek?
But he, a ſtranger to your modiſh way,
By your old rules muſt ſtand or fall to-day,
And hopes you will your foreign taſte command
To bear, for once, with what you underſtand.

* A Tragedy, written by Mr. Edmund Smith.

PROLOGUE

TO THE TENDER HUSBAND *.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

In the firſt riſe and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were ſcarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with eaſe,
A young and unexperienc'd audience pleaſe:
No ſingle character had e'er been ſhown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own:
Rich in originals, they ſet to view,
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.
But now our Britiſh theatre can boaſt
Drolls of all kinds, a vaſt unthinking hoſt!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it ſhows
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaus;
Rough country knights are found of ev'ry ſhire,
Of ev'ry faſhion gentle fops appear;
And punks of diff'rent characters we meet
As frequent on the ſtage as in the pit.
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool:
Long ere they find the neceſſary ſpark,
They ſearch the Town, and beat about the Park,
To all his moſt frequented haunts reſort,
Oft' dog him to the ring, and oft' to court,

* A Comedy, written by Sir Richard Steele.

As love of pleaſure or of place invites,
And ſometimes catch him taking ſnuff at White's.
  Howe'er, to do you right, the preſent age
Breeds very hopeful monſters for the ſtage,
That ſcorn the paths their dull foreſathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but ſurvey this crowded houſe to-night;
—Here's ſtill encouragement for thoſe that write.
  Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play,
And that there may be ſomething gay and new,
Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view;
The firſt a damſel travell'd in romance,
The other more refin'd, ſhe comes from France;
Reſcue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger,
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the ſtranger.

EPILOGUE

TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS *.

When Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleaſing woe,
Rivers forgot to run and winds to blow,
While liſt'ning foreſts cover'd, as he play'd,
The ſoft muſician in a moving ſhade.
That this night's ſtrains the ſame ſucceſs may find,
The force of muſic is to muſic join'd;

* A dramatic Poem, written by the Lord Lanſdown.

Where ſounding ſtrings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd ſpells prevail.
Let ſage Urganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains or a waſte of ſand,
The deſert ſmiles, the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the ſprings to flow.
The ſame dull ſights in the ſame landſcape mix'd,
Scenes of ſtill life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleaſure on the mind beſtow,
And pall the ſenſe with one continu'd ſhow:
But as our two magicians try their ſkill,
The viſion varies, tho' the place ſtands ſtill,
While the ſame ſpot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the proſpect to a thouſand views.
Thus (without unity of place tranſgreſt)
Th' Enchanter turns the critic to a jeſt.
But howſoe'er, to pleaſe your wand'ring eyes,
Bright objects diſappear and brighter riſe,
There's none can make amends for loſt delight,
While from that circle we divert your ſight.

POEMATA.

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU

ARMIGERO,

SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO,

ÆRARII PRÆFECTO,

REGI A SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, ETC.

Cum tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præstant Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus Pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si Congrevius ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipsa Pax, ut illa lætaremur tot perditissimis Poetis tam misere decantata. At, dum alios insector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos cru-

ciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci poſſem, ut poema patrio ſermone conſcriptum oculis tuis ſubjicerem, qui ab iſtis conatibus cæteros omnes ſcribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

Humanitatis tuæ

Cultor devotiſſimus,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

PAX GULIELMI

AUSPICIIS EUROPÆ REDDITA, 1697.

POSTQUAM ingens clamorque virum, ſtrepituſque tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aſpice, Cæſar,
Quæ tibi ſoliciti, turba importuna, Poetæ
Munera deducunt: generoſæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, ſimulachraque belli
Triſtia diffugiant: O tandem abſiſte triumphis
Expletus, penituſque animo totum excute Martem.
Non ultra ante oculos numeroſo milite campi
Miſcentur, ſolito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Deſertas foſſas, et caſtra minantia caſtris
Ruſticus invertit, tacita formidine luſtrans
Horroremque loci, et funeſtos ſtragibus agros.
Jamque ſuper vallum et munimina longa vireſcit
Expectata ſeges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; inſuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque ſoli, et turgentem a ſanguine meſſem.
Aſpicis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum inviſens ſedem, et confuſa ruinis
Oppida, et everſos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum annales, triſtemque laborum
Inquirit ſeriem, attonitis ut ſpectat ocellis

Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famoſoſque Ormondi volvere campos!
Hic, ubi ſaxa jacent diſperſo infecta cerebro.
Atque interruptis hiſcunt divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus * fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenſes palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparſa furit circum, et plumbi denſiſſimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetraſque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique ſaxis
Mœnia diſcedunt, ſcopuliſque immane minantur
Deſuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent!
Hic peſtem occultam, et fœcundas ſulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant: ſubito cum clauſtra fragore
Horrendum diſrupta tonant, ſemiuſtaque membra,
Fumanteſque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.
Sic, poſtquam enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulſam terræ faciem, ingenteſque ruinas
Mortales ſtupuere; altum hinc mirantur abeſſe
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus oſſam;
Hic fluvium moles inter confuſaſque ſaxa
Reptare, atque aliis diſcentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbraſque ſequirunt,
Errore ambiguo eluſi, et novitate lucorum.

* Honoratiſſimus D. Dominus Cutts, Baro de Gowran, &c.

Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla ſecutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aſpera corda, Britanni,
Germanuſque ferox, et junćto fœdere Belga;
Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore peruſto
Decolor admoti prodit veſtigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conſcripta per orbem
Agmina, Naſſovique latus ſocialibus armis
Circumfuſa tegunt, fremituſque et murmura miſcent,
Tam vario disjuncta ſitu, tot diſſona linguis.
Te tamen e mediis, Dućtor Fortiſſime *, turmis
Exere, Tu vitam (ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt)
Accipies, popolique encomia ſera futuri,
Quem varias edoćtum artes, ſtudiiſque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto ſe jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immenſos pećtoris æſtus
Non jubar Arćtoum, aut noſtri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua ſol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, teneriſque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generoſæ incendia mentis.
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix ſuſpicit Arćton,
Brumamque æternam friguſque perambulat, urſæ
Horridus exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta
Deſcribit ſociis, pugnataque in ordine bella

* Inſig. Dom. Chriſtoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Praefectis.

Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En! vaſtos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deſerit, imperio extremum qui ſubjicit orbem *,
Indigenaſque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; ſubeunt nunc fuſa Namurcæ
Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ ſanguine plurima fluxit
Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiſcreta Seneffi.
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Aſſurgit! quali firmat veſtigia greſſu,
Majeſtate rudi, et torvo ſpectabilis ore.
  Sic olim Alcides, immania membra leonis
Inſtratus ſpoliis, vaſta ſe mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectiſque ingens ſuccederet hoſpes.
  Dum pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, campoſque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
Non jam Riphæos hoſtis populabitur agros
Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
  Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! quæ murmura vulgi
Naſſovium ingeminant! video cava littora circum
Fervere remigibus, ſubitiſque albeſcere velis.
Anglia ſolve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
Naſſovi ſecura tui, deſiſte tumentes
Proſpicere in fluctus animo ſuſpenſa, truceſque
Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim;

* Moſcoviae Imperator.

Optatus tibi Cæſar adeſt, nec ut ante videbis
Solicitum belli ſtudiis, fatalia Gallo
Conſilia et tacitas verſantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Compoſuit vultum, lætoſque afflavit honores.
Ut denſo circum ſe plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam vetereſque penates
Reſpicit exultans! juvat oſtentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notaſque
Mucronum inſignes, afflataque ſulphure membra.
Chara ſtupet conjux, reduciſque incerta mariti
Veſtigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horreſcit neſcia vultus.
Ille graves caſus, duri et diſcrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidiſque inſtaurat prœlia verbis.
Sic, poſtquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Expoſuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monſtris
Deſcribit, mixto ſpirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigileſque feras, plauſtroque gementes
Inſolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quantis Gulielme erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ conſurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plauſus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumſtat fremitu denſo; tibi Jupiter annum

Serius invertit, luces mirata ſerenas
Ridet hyems, feſtoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.
Jamque Nepos * tibi parvus adeſt, lætoque juventæ
Inceſſu, et blando teſtatur gaudia riſu.
Ut Patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæſareum ſpirant, majeſtatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut mater formoſa ſerenat
Auguſtam frontem, et ſublimia temperat ora!
Agnoſco faciem ambiguam, mixtoſque parentes.
Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et triſtia bella,
Pugnaſque innocua dudum ſub imagine luſit.
Nunc indignanti ſimilis fugitiva puſillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falſis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc ſimulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus ſignat variis; ſubitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit: interea generoſæ in pectore flammæ
Aſſurgunt ſenſim juveni, notat ignis honeſtas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Auguſtæ immenſas in carmine pompas
Inſtruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effuſa canales
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura ſordes?
Quis lapſus referet ſtellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram oſtendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubuloſque bitumine caſſos?
En procul attonitam video clareſcere noctem
Fulgore inſolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,

* Celſiſſimus Princeps Dux Gloceſtrenſis.

Flagranteſque hyemes; crepitantia ſidera paſſim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus in terris vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomaſque feras, et fulgida monſtra,
Terribiles viſu formas! hic membra leonis
Hiſpida mentitur, tortiſque comantia flammis
Collaquatit, rutilaſque jubas; hic lubricus anguem
Ludit, ſubſiliens, et multo ſibilat igne.
  Lætitiam ingentem atque effuſa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem ſecurus agit, poſitoque timore
Exercet ventos, claſſemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat:
Seu conſtricta gelu, mediiſque horrentia Cancri
Menſibus arva videt: ſeu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miſcet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
  Vos animæ illuſtres heroum, umbræque recentes
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc ſtillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Naſſovo abducite veſtro
Fida ſatellitia, at ſolitis ſtipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva! O patiens magnum expectare maritum!
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam illum
Detineant, longamque agitent ſub vindice pacem.

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

QUA penetrat foſſor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibuſque nitentia venis;
Dum ſtupet occultas, gazas, nummoſque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effuſus prodit veſtigia tractu,
Nec terram ſigno revolubilis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus ſparſim in globulos formam uſque rotun-
Servat, et in teretes lapſans ſe colligit orbes. [dam
Incertum qua ſit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat;
An potius ſolis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentem male coctum, divitiaſque fluentes:
Quicquid erit, magno ſe jactat nobilis uſu;
Nec Deus effulſit magis aſpectabilis olim,
Cum Danaen flavo circum pretioſus amictu
Ambiit, et gratam ſuadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.
Quin age, ſume tubum fragilem, cui denſior aër
Excluſus; fundo vitri ſubſidat in imo
Argenti ſtagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile deſcendat, vel contra, ubi poſtulat æſtus,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rurſus inane
Occupet aſcenſu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.
Jam cœli faciem tempeſtateſque futuras
Conſcia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor inſurgit, vitreoque canali

Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos ſperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æſtatem, et large diffuſo lumine rident.
Sin ſeſe immodicum attollens argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppreſſus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam ſitiunt herbæ, jam ſuccos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent conſumto prata virore.
  Cum vero tenues nebulas ſpiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant ſuper æqora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ; tum fuſile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, craſſa fruitur ſublimius aura,
Diſcutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, diſperſas frigora ſtipant
Particulas, raruſque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, ſegetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta miniſtrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo deſcendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, mutuenſque procellam,
Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aſpicit; oſtendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempeſtatemque ſonoram.
At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subſidat, penituſque imo ſe condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; everſis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, ſpumantibus æſtuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effuſa licentia ponti.

Nulla tacet ſecreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit.
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando ſperabis frigidus ignem.
  Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obſcura diem, pluviaſque minantur;
Machina ſi neget, et ſudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poſcentes meſſor ariſtas
Proſternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ:

SIVE,

PRÆLIUM INTER PYGMÆOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

PENNATAS acies, et lamentabile bellum
Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, Muſa, cohortes
Inſtrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia roſtra,
Offenſoſque Grues, indignanteſque puſillam
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.
  Heroum ingentes animos et triſtia bella
Pieridum labor exhauſit, verſuque ſonoro
Juſſit et æterna numerorum aſſurgere pompa:
Quis lectos Graiûm juvenes, et torva tuentem
Theſea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
Geſta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum

Pompeii quem non delaſſavere legentem?
Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam ſonitum, nova caſtra ſecutus;
Exiguoſque canam pugiles, Gruibuſque malignos
Heroas, nigriſque ruentem è nubibus hoſtem.
Qua ſolis tepet ortu, primitiiſque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhoſpita ſaxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis acceſſa vireta)
Pygmæum quondam ſteterat, dum fata ſinebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et aſſiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc ſi quis dura evadat per ſaxa viator,
Deſertoſque lares, et valles oſſibus albas
Exiguis videt, et veſtigia parva ſtupeſcit.
Deſolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna, et ſecuro crepitat Grus improba nido.
Non ſic, dum multos ſtetit inſuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, ſi quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet ſe credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, ſumptiſque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humeriſque reportat
Ingentem prædam; cæſoque epulatur in hoſte.
Sæpe improviſas mactabat, ſæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulciſci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa conſtruxerat arte,
Aut uteri poſuiſſet onus, volucremque futuram;
Continuo vultu ſpirans immane minaci

Omnia vaſtaret miles, fœtuſque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hoſtis in ovo.
  Hinc cauſæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virûmque
Commiſſa ſtrages, confuſaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam ſublimi carmine vates
Luſit; ubi totam ſtrepituque armiſque paludem
Miſcuit: hic (viſu miſerabile!) corpora murum
Sparſa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibuſque abſciſſo poplite ternis
Reptat humi, ſolitis nec ſeſe ſaltibus effert.
  Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæſi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam ſuper his accenſa graves exarſit in iras
Grus ſtomachans; omneſque ſimul, quas Strymonis
Aut ſtagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Cayſtri [unda,
Prata tenent, adſunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris deſcendit ab Iſtro.
Strageſque immenſas et vulnera cogitat abſens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et roſtrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, ſuſpenſus in alto
Aëre concuſſis exercitus obſtrepit alis,
Terræque immenſes tractus, ſemotaque longe
Æquora deſpiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant

Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et aſſiduus miſcet cœlum omne tumultus.
Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella faceſſit
Impiger, inſtituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animoſus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas compoſta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibuſque frequens, et marte inſtructa perito.
Jamque acies inter medias ſeſe arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majeſtate verendus
Inceſſuque gravis reliquos ſupereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque aſſurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aſpectu (hoſtilis nam inſculpſerat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque oſtentat honeſta
Roſtrorum ſigna, et crudos in pectore morſus.
Immortali odio, æterniſque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confiſus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus diſtrinxerat enſem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abſtulit hoſti:
Quot fecit ſtrages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!
Jamque procul ſonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Proſpectant nubem bellumque hoſteſque ferentem.
Crebreſcit tandem, atque oculis ſe plurimus offert
Ordinibus ſtructus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motiſque eventilat aëra pennis.
Turba polum replet, ſpecieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et denſa in nubibus hæret:

Nunc denſa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent ſtudio Pygmæi, et lumine ſævo
Suſpiciunt hoſtem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico ſeſe ſuper agmina lapſu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum ſperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulſæ volitant circum aëra plumæ.
Mox defeſſa iterum levibus ſeſe eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuſpide, ſanguineo ſeſe furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, roſtrumque intendit in hoſtem
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic ſtillat lentus de vulnere ſanguis,
Singultuſque ciet crebros, pedibuſque puſillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æſtuat omne ſolum ſtrepitu, tepidoque rubeſcit
Sanguine, ſparguntur gladii, ſparguntur et alæ,
Ungueſque et digiti, commiſtaque roſtra lacertis.
  Pygmeadum ſævit, mediiſque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fuſa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plauſu alarum, nec roſtri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum denſiſſima circum
Miſcetur pugna, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum, ſubito appulſus (ſic Dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triſte relatu)
Suſtulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret

Pendulus, agglomerat ſtrepitu globus undique denſus
Alitum ; fruſtra Pygmæi lumine mœſto
Regem inter nubes lugent, ſolitoque minorem
Heroem aſpiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus eſcam.
Jamque recrudeſcit bellum, Grus deſuper urget
Pygmæum roſtro, atque hoſtem petit ardua morſu ;
Tum fugit alta volans ; is ſurſum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes ſævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cælum Briareus, ſolioque Tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret ; ſparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque ſcopulique : flagrantia tela deorſum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vaſta gigantum
Corpora fuſa jacent, ſemiuſtaque ſulphure fumant.
Viribus abſumptis penitus Pygmeïa tandem
Agmina langueſcunt ; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculſa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam ; late populus Cubitalis oberrat.
Inſtant à tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.
Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, Gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit : nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus regna manet, ſunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra tranſire nefas : ſic corruit olim
Aſſyriæ Imperium, ſic magnæ Perſidis imis
Sedibus everſum eſt, et majus utroque Latinum.
Elyſii valles nunc agmine luſtrat inani,

Et veterum Heroum miſcetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, ſi quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, Paſtores per noctis opaca pucillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore caſſos.
Dum ſecura Gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Anguſtoſque terit calles, virideſque per orbes
Turba levis ſalit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

RESURRECTIO DELINEATA

AD ALTARE COL. MAGD. OXON.

Egregios fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgenteſque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et ſimulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem viſu pompam, tu carmine Muſa
Pande novo, vatique ſacros accende furores.
  Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Inſignit pictura) inhoneſto et ſimplice cultu
Veſtiit albedo, ſed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoſcat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Subſtravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque ſequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia craſſo
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.
  Utque (polo nondum ſtellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne ſpatio moles immenſa dehiſcat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia late
Hinc atque hinc interfuſus fluitaverat æther;

Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc conſitus aſtris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albeſcere tractu.
Sic, operis poſtquam luſit primordia pictor,
Dum ſordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viſcum, ſuccoſque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Aligeris muri vacat ora ſuprema miniſtris,
Sparſaque per totam cœleſtis turba tabellam
Raucos inſpirat lituos, buccaſque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis ſonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta graveſcit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima ſurgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat ſemina ſulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager ſegete ſpirante, caleſcit
Omne ſolum, creſcitque virorum prodiga meſſis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ diſperſa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Senſim diriguit, ſeu ſeſe immiſcuit herbis,
Explicita eſt; molem rurſus coaleſcit in unam
Diviſum funus, ſparſos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.

Hic nondum ſpecie perfecta reſurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhoneſto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deeſt informi de corpore multum:
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita inſinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fuſa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos ſpectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inſpice murum,
Qua ſedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipſe, ſereno
Lumine perfuſus, radiiſque inſperſus acutis.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor ſpirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majeſtas numine toto:
Quantum diſſimilis, quantum, o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non ſua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed fruſtra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et ſuper æthera vectus
Deſpexit lunam exiguam, ſolemque minorem.
Jam latus effoſſum, et palmas oſtendit utraſque,
Vulnuſque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et tranſacti quondam veſtigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numeroſaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capeſſunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ

Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in Numine; laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hoſpite cum tumet incluſo, et præcordia ſentit
Mota Dei ſtimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
  Quis tamen ille novus perſtringit lumina fulgor?
Quam mitra effigiem diſtinxit pictor, honeſto
Surgentem è tumulo, alatoque ſatellite fultam?
Agnoſco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
Wainfletus *, ſic ille oculos, ſic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par invenietur imago!
Quando alium ſimilem virtus habitura!——
Irati innocuas ſecurus numinis iras
Aſpicit, impavidoſque in judice figit ocellos.
  Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas ſcenam; multo hic ſtagnantia fuco
Mœnia flagrantem liquefacto ſulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falſus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida ſerpat opus, tenueſque abſumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpiſque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex à tergo implacabile ſævit, et enſem

* Coll. Magd. fundator.

Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante ſceleſtos
Jam Paradiſeis iterum depellit ob oris.
Heu! quid agat triſtis? quo ſe cœleſtibus iris
Subtrahat? o! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem ſuſpiria ducit
Nequicquam, et ſero in lachrymas effunditur; obſtant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.
  Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus veſtigia! quanta colorum
Gratia ſe profert! tales non diſcolor Iris
Oſtendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta ſcintillat in omni.
  O fuci nitor, o pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ langueſcat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipſa, ſupremam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

Hic ubi graminea in latum ſeſe explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum ſolem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Deſecat, exiguam radens a ceſpite meſſem:
Tum motu aſſiduo ſaxum verſatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et ſurgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæſtram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus eſſe rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat, faciliſque moveri.

Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque ſuis inciſa notis ſtat ſphæra; ſed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuſo multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;
Quin alii diverſa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque ſinit procedere recto.
Poſtquam ideo in partes turbam diſtinxerat æquas
Conſilium, aut ſors; quiſque ſuis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, qua curſum meta futurum
Deſignat; jactique legens veſtigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, ſphæram demittit, at illa
Leniter effuſa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec ſenſim primo impete feſſo
Subſiſtat: ſubito globus emicat alter et alter.
Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparſa per orbiculum, ſtipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter ſeſe inſinuat revolubile lignum.
At ſi forte globum, qui miſit, ſpectat inertem
Serpere, et impreſſum ſubito langueſcere motum,
Pone urget ſphæræ veſtigia, et anxius inſtat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut ſegnis honos dextræ ſervetur iniquam
Incuſat terram, ac ſurgentem in marmore nodum.
Nec riſus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium veſtigia plumbum
Allicit, et ſphæram à recto trahit inſita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, ſtrepitus effundit inanes,

Et, variam in ſpeciem diſtorto corpore, falſos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra ſed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nulliſque movetur ſurda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes ſummumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit curſum, abſiſtitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapſa ſupremum
Perfecit ſtadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hoſtis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere ſphæram
Certat, luminibuſque viam ſignantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et miſſile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non ſegnis ſphæra lacerto.
Haud ita proſiliens Elëo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currenteſque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.
Si tamen in duros, obſtructa ſatellite multo,
Impingat ſocios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque Deos atque aſtra vocat crudelia——
Si vero incurſus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hoſtis ſpolietur honore:
Turba fremit confuſa, ſoniſque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant ſocii; plauſu ſtrepit omni viretum.
Interea feſſos inimico Sirius aſtro
Corripit, et ſalſas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam Zephyri ſpirantes frigora, et umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abſtergitur humor.

AD D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O qui canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Feliciore luctuosis
Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,

Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutis;

Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis solicitam explica,
Scyphumque jucundus require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.

Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat sitim
Minister ingens, imperîque
Præsidium haud leve, Montacutus,

Omitte tandem triste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
Nec cætero cautus mederi
Ipse tuam minuas salutem.

Fruſtra cruorem pulſibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
Attentus explorare venam
Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:

Fruſtra liquores quot Chymica expedit
Fornax, et error ſanguinis, et vigor
Innatus herbis te fatigant:
Serius aut citius ſepulchro

Debemur omnes, vitaque deſeret
Expulſa morbis corpus inhoſpitum,
Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
(Relliquias animæ) cadaver.

Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;
Suumque victorem viciſſim
Subjiciet Libitina victrix.

Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit moleſtam, urgetque curas
Sponte ſua fatis ingruentes;

Et quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiiſque
Innocuis bene temperata.

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES.

ANGLICE

A PUPPETSHOW.

ADMIRANDA cano levium ſpectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum ſine mente popellum;
Quem, non ſurreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
Compita qua riſu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Hiſtrio, delectatque inhiantem ſcommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ ſtudio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congreſſi permiſſa ſedilia complent,
Nec confuſus honos; nummo ſubſellia cedunt
Diverſo, et varii ad pretium ſtat copia ſcamni.
Tandem ubi ſubtrahitur velamen, lumina paſſim
Anguſtos penetrant aditus, qua plurima viſum
Fila ſecant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore feneſtra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox ſtridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia ſquallida fuco.
Hic humiles inter ſcenas, anguſtaque clauſtra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concurſus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parvo theatro.
Sed præter reliquos incedit Homuncio rauca
Voce ſtrepens: major ſubnectit fibula veſtem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen

Major, et immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confisus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur solenni seria pompa.
Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno,
Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.
  Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito nympharum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique Quirites.
Pygmæos credas positis mitescere bellis,
Jamque, infensa Gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, tenerisque vacare choreis.
  Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cœlo,
Parvi subsiliunt Lemures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsitat orbem.
Mane patent gressus; hic succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriem, tenerisque virescit circulus herbis.
  At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella tumultu.

Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ; uſque adeo inſincera voluptas
Omnibus, et miſtæ caſtigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingeſto ſulphure fœti,
Protenſæque haſtæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes ſubeunt; dant clauſtra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ ſtridente bitumine chartæ
Confuſos reddunt crepitus, et ſibila miſcent.
Sternitur omne ſolum pereuntibus; undique cæſæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.
Sed poſtquam inſanus pugnæ deferbuit æſtus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diverſas repetunt artes, curaſque priores.
Nec raro priſci heroes, quos pagina ſacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt ſpecie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.
Rugis ſulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: ſic tarda ſenectus
Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem ſenſim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poſcat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas ſpecies, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humeriſque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus inſuit artus.

Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte puſillum
Verſat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque miniſtrat.
His ſtructa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Oſtendit ſulcos, duri et veſtigia ferri:
Hinc ſalit, atque agili ſe ſublevat incita motu,
Voceſque emittit tenues, et non ſua verba.

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUTOREM.

Non uſitatum carminis alitem,
Burnette, poſcis, non humiles modos:
Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
Reſpuis officium camœnæ.

Tu mixta rerum ſemina conſcius,
Molemque cernis diſſociabilem,
Terramque concretam, et latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci:

Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, ſollicitus parum
Utcunque ſtet commune vulgi
Arbitrium et popularis error.

Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
Illapſa tellus lubrica deſerit
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Suppoſitas gravis urget undas.

Impulſus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effuſa licentia
Claudit viciſſim; has inter orbis
Relliquiæ fluitant prioris.

Nunc et recluſo carcere lucidam
Balæna ſpectat ſolis imaginem,
Stellaſque miratur nutantes,
Et tremulæ ſimulacra lunæ.

Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis caleſcit ſpiritus ingenî!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!

Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiſcens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum doloſi
Detegis inſtabiles ruinas?

Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum ſumere ſimplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.

Nimbis rubentem ſulphureis Jovem
Cernas ; ut udis ſævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata buſtum !

Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liqueſcens ipſe adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt reſoluta valles.

Jamque alta cœli mœnia coruunt,
Et veſtra tandem pagina (proh nefas !)
Burnette, veſtra augebit ignes,
Heu ſocio peritura mundo.

Mox æqua tellus, mox ſubitus viror
Ubique rident : en teretem globum !
En læta vernantes Favonî
Flamina, perpetuoſque flores !

O pectus ingens ! O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem ! ſi bonus auguror,
Te, noſtra quo tellus ſuperbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

TRANSLATIONS.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

The ſtory of Phaeton.

THE ſun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burniſh'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd,
The folding gates diffus'd a ſilver light,
And with a milder gleam refreſh'd the ſight;
Of poliſh'd iv'ry was the cov'ring wrought,
The matter vy'd not with the ſculptor's thought,
For in the portal was diſplay'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious ſky,
A waving ſea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddeſſes the waters grac'd:
Ægeon here a mighty whale beſtrode;
Triton and Proteus (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some looſely ſwimming in the figur'd main,
While ſome on rocks their dropping hair divide,
And ſome on fiſhes thro' the waters glide.
Tho' various features did the ſiſters grace,
A ſiſter's likeneſs was in ev'ry face.
On earth a diff'rent landſcape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beaſts, in diſtant proſpects riſe,
And nymphs, and ſtreams, and woods, and rural deities;

O'er all the heav'n's refulgent image ſhines;
On either gate were ſix engraven ſigns.
Here Phaeton, ſtill gaining on th' aſcent,
To his ſuſpected father's palace went,
Till preſſing forward thro' the bright abode,
He ſaw at diſtance the illuſtrious god;
He ſaw at diſtance, or the dazzling light
Had flaſh'd too ſtrongly on his akeing ſight.
The god ſits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The Hours in order rang'd on either hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages, ſtand:
Here Spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound,
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes beſmear,
And hoary Winter ſhivers in the rear.
Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye which looks on all was fix'd on one:
He ſaw the boy's confuſion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place,
And cries aloud, "What wants my ſon? for know
"My ſon thou art, and I muſt call thee ſo."
"Light of the world!" the trembling youth replies,
"Illuſtrious parent! ſince you don't deſpiſe
"The parent's name, ſome certain token give
"That I may Clymenè's proud boaſt believe,
"Nor longer under falſe reproaches grieve."
The tender ſire was touch'd with what he ſaid,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,

And bid the youth advance. "My ſon," ſaid he,
"Come to thy father's arms; for Clymenè
"Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
"And deem thee worthy to be call'd my ſon:
"As a ſure proof, make ſome requeſt, and I,
"Whate'er it be, with that requeſt comply;
"By Styx I ſwear, whoſe waves are hid in night,
"And roll impervious to my piercing ſight."
The youth, tranſported, aſks, without delay,
To guide the ſun's bright chariot for a day.
The god repented of the oath he took,
For anguiſh thrice his radiant head he ſhook:
"My ſon," ſays he, "ſome other proof require;
"Raſh was my promiſe, raſh is thy deſire.
"I'd fain deny this wiſh which thou haſt made,
"Or, what I can't deny, would fain diſſuade.
"Too vaſt and hazardous the taſk appears,
"Nor ſuited to thy ſtrength nor to thy years.
"Thy lot is mortal, but thy wiſhes fly
"Beyond the province of mortality.
"There is not one of all the gods that dares
"(However ſkill'd in other great affairs)
"To mount the burning axletree but I;
"Not Jove himſelf, the ruler of the ſky,
"That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
"Dares try his ſtrength; yet who ſo ſtrong as Jove?
"The ſteeds climb up the firſt aſcent with pain,
"And when the middle firmament they gain,

" If downwards from the heavens my head I bow,
" And ſee the earth and ocean hang below,
" Ev'n I am ſeiz'd with horror and affright,
" And my own heart miſgives me at the ſight;
" A mighty downfal ſteeps the ev'ning ſtage,
" And ſteady reins muſt curb the horſes' rage.
" Tethys herſelf has fear'd to ſee me driv'n
" Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.
" Beſides, conſider what impetuous force
" Turns ſtars and planets in a diff'rent courſe:
" I ſteer againſt their motions; nor am I
" Borne back by all the current of the ſky.
" But how could you reſiſt the orbs that roll
" In adverſe whirls, and ſtem the rapid pole?
" But you perhaps may hope for pleaſing woods,
" And ſtately domes, and cities fill'd with gods,
" While thro' a thouſand ſnares your progreſs lies,
" Where forms of ſtarry monſters ſtock the ſkies:
" For ſhould you hit the doubtful way aright,
" The Bull with ſtooping horns ſtands oppoſite;
" Next him the bright Hæmonian bow is ſtrung;
" And next the Lion's grinning viſage hung;
" The Scorpion's claws here claſp a wide extent,
" And here the Crab's in leſſer claſps are bent.
" Nor would you find it eaſy to compoſe
" The mettled ſteeds, when from their noſtrils flows
" The ſcorching fire that in their entrails glows:
" Ev'n I their headſtrong fury ſcarce reſtrain,
" When they grow warm and reſtiff to the rein.

" Let not my ſon a fatal gift require,
" But, O! in time recall your raſh deſire:
" You aſk a gift that may your parent tell;
" Let theſe my fears your parentage reveal,
" And learn a father from a father's care:
" Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
" Could you but look you'd read the father there.
" Chuſe out a gift from ſeas, or earth, or ſkies,
" For open to your wiſh all nature lies,
" Only decline this one unequal taſk,
" For 'tis a miſchief, not a gift, you aſk:
" You aſk a real miſchief, Phaeton;
" Nay, hang not thus about my neck, my ſon:
" I grant your wiſh, and Styx has heard my voice,
" Chuſe what you will, but make a wiſer choice."
Thus did the God th' unwary youth adviſe,
But he ſtill longs to travel thro' the ſkies;
When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold;
The ſpokes in rows of ſilver pleas'd the ſight,
The ſeat with party-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo ſhin'd amid the glare of light.
The youth with ſecret joy the work ſurveys,
When now the Morn diſclos'd her purple rays:
The ſtars were fled; for Lucifer had chas'd
The ſtars away, and fled himſelf at laſt.

Soon as the father ſaw the roſy Morn,
And the moon ſhining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble Hours, without delay,
Bring forth the ſteeds ; the nimble Hours obey :
From their full racks the gen'rous ſteeds retire,
Dropping ambroſial foams, and ſnorting fire.
Still anxious for his ſon, the God of Day,
To make him proof againſt the burning ray,
His temples with celeſtial ointment wet,
Of ſov'reign virtue to repel the heat,
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding ſigh, and ſaid,
" Take this at leaſt, this laſt advice, my ſon:
" Keep a ſtiff rein, and move but gently on ;
" The courſers of themſelves will run too faſt;
" Your art muſt be to moderate their haſte :
" Drive 'em not on directly thro' the ſkies,
" But where the Zodiac's winding circle lies,
" Along the midmoſt zone; but ſally forth
" Nor to the diſtant South nor ſtormy North.
" The horſes' hoofs a beaten track will ſhow,
" But neither mount too high, nor ſink too low,
" That no new fires or heav'n or earth infeſt;
" Keep the mid way ; the middle way is beſt.
" Nor where in radiant folds the Serpent twines
" Direct your courſe, nor where the Altar ſhines.
" Shun both extremes; the reſt let Fortune guide,
" And better for thee than thyſelf provide!

" See, while I ſpeak, the ſhades diſperſe away,
" Aurora gives the promiſe of a day;
" I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer ſtay.
" Snatch up the reins; or ſtill th' attempt forſake,
" And not my chariot, but my counſel, take,
" While yet ſecurely on the earth you ſtand,
" Nor touch the horſes with too raſh a hand.
" Let me alone to light the world, while you
" Enjoy thoſe beams which you may ſafely view."
He ſpoke in vain; the youth with active heat
And ſprightly vigour vaults into the ſeat,
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Thoſe thanks his father with remorſe receives.
Mean-while the reſtleſs horſes neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they ſtood;
Tethys, not knowing what had paſt, gave way,
And all the waſte of heav'n before 'em lay.
They ſpring together out, and ſwiftly bear
The flying youth thro' clouds and yielding air,
With wingy ſpeed outſtrip the eaſtern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the ſeat,
Or poiſe the chariot with its wonted weight;
But as at ſea th' unbalaſted veſſel rides,
Caſt to and fro, the ſport of winds and tides,
So in the bounding chariot toſs'd on high,
The youth is hurry'd headlong thro' the ſky.
Soon as the ſteeds perceive it, they forſake
Their ſtated courſe, and leave the beaten track.

The youth was in amaze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horſes, had he known, obey;
Then the Seven Stars firſt felt Apollo's ray,
And wiſh'd to dip in the forbidden ſea:
The folded Serpent next the Frozen Pole,
Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll,
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And ſhot a redder light from every ſtar;
Nay, and 'tis ſaid, Boötes, too, that fain
Thou would'ſt have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy Wain.
 Th' unhappy youth then bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him ſpread:
His colour chang'd, he ſtartled at the ſight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wiſh the fiery ſteeds untry'd,
His birth obſcure, and his requeſt deny'd:
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boaſted kindred to the ſun.
 So fares the pilot when his ſhip is toſt
In troubled ſeas, and all its ſteerage loſt;
He gives her to the winds, and, in deſpair,
Seeks his laſt refuge in the gods and pray'r.
 What could he do? his eyes, if backward caſt,
Find a long path he had already paſt;
If forward, ſtill a longer path they find;
Both he compares, and meaſures in his mind,
And ſometimes caſts an eye upon the Eaſt,
And ſometimes looks on the forbidden Weſt:

The horſes' names he knew not in the fright,
Nor would he looſe the reins, nor could he hold 'em
tight.
Now all the horrors of the heav'ns he ſpies,
And monſtrous ſhadows of prodigious ſize,
That deck'd with ſtars lie ſcatter'd o'er the ſkies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio, bent
In tail and arms, ſurrounds a vaſt extent;
In a wide circuit of the heav'ns he ſhines,
And fills the ſpace of two celeſtial ſigns.
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandiſh his ſting, and in his poiſon ſweat,
Half dead with ſudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horſes felt 'em looſe upon their manes,
And flying out thro' all the plains above,
Ran uncontroll'd where'er their fury drove;
Ruſh'd on the ſtars, and thro' a pathleſs way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day:
And now above and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.
The clouds diſperſe in fumes, the wond'ring Moon
Beholds her brother's ſteeds beneath her own;
The high lands ſmoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze:
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harveſts grow,
The running conflagration ſpreads below.
But theſe are trivial ills; whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into aſhes turn.

The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;
Oeagrian Hæmus (then a ſingle name)
And virgin Helicon increaſe the flame;
Taurus and Oete glare amid the ſky,
And Ida, ſpite of all her fountains, dry:
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow,
And Rhodope, no longer cloth'd in ſnow;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnaſſus, ſweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat:
Ev'n Scythia, thro' her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native froſt was arm'd:
Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring Appennine,
And Caucaſus, and proud Olympus, ſhine;
And where the long-extended Alps aſpire
Now ſtands a huge continu'd range of fire.
Th' aſtoniſh'd youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the univerſe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The ſultry vapours and the ſcorching air
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axletree beneath him glow'd:
Loſt in the whirling clouds that round him broke,
And white with aſhes, hov'ring in the ſmoke,
He flew where'er the horſes drove, nor knew
Whither the horſes drove, or where he flew.
'Twas then, they ſay, the ſwarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the ſun.

Then Libya first, of all her moisture drain'd,
Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns,
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
And Argos grieves whilst Amymonè fails.
  The floods are drain'd from ev'ry distant coast;
Even Tanaïs, tho' fix'd in ice, was lost;
Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more:
The fam'd Mæander, that unweary'd strays
Thro' mazy windings, smokes in every maze:
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise
In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies:
In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,
And Tagus floting in his melted gold:
The swans, that on Caïster often try'd
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and dy'd:
The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found;
His seven divided currents all are dry,
And where they roll'd seven gaping trenches lie:
No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.
  The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
And startles Pluto with the flash of day:
The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose:

Their rocks are all diſcover'd, and increaſe
The number of the ſcatter'd Cyclades:
The fiſh in ſholes about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
Gaſping for breath th' unſhapen Phocæ die,
And on the boiling wave extended lie:
Nereus and Doris, with her virgin train,
Seek out the laſt receſſes of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And ſecret in their gloomy caverns pant:
Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.
The Earth at length, on every ſide embrac'd
With ſcalding ſeas, that floted round her waiſt,
When now ſhe felt the ſprings and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Uplifted to the heav'ns her blaſted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and ſaid;
(But firſt, impatient of the ſultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and ſought a cooler ſeat)
" If you, great King of gods! my death approve,
" And I deſerve it, let me die by Jove;
" If I muſt periſh by the force of fire,
" Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
" See, whilſt I ſpeak, my breath the vapours choke,
" (For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of ſmoke)
" See my ſing'd hair, behold my faded eye
" And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!

" And does the plough for this my body tear?
" This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
" Tortur'd with rakes, and haraſs'd all the year?
" That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
" And food for man, and frankincenſe for you?
" But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
" Why are his waters boiling in the ſun?
" The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
" Why does it waſte, and further ſhrink from heav'n?
" If I nor he your pity can provoke,
" See your own heav'ns, the heav'ns begin to ſmoke!
" Should once the ſparkles catch thoſe bright abodes,
" Deſtruction ſeizes on the heav'ns and gods;
" Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
" And almoſt faints beneath the glowing weight.
" If heav'n, and earth, and ſea, together burn,
" All muſt again into their chaos turn.
" Apply ſome ſpeedy cure, prevent our fate,
" And ſuccour Nature ere it be too late."
She ceas'd; for chok'd with vapours round her ſpread,
Down to the deepeſt ſhades ſhe ſunk her head.
Jove call'd to witneſs every pow'r above,
And ev'n the god whoſe ſon the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or univerſal ruin muſt enſue.
Straight he aſcends the high ethereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,

From whence his ſhow'rs and ſtorms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither ſtorm nor ſhow'r,
Then aiming at the youth with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
In dreadful thund'rings. Thus th' Almighty ſire
Suppreſs'd the raging of the fires with fire.
At once from life and from the chariot driven,
The ambitious boy fell thunderſtruck from heav'n:
The horſes ſtarted with a ſudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The ſtudded harneſs from their necks they broke;
Here fell a wheel, and here a ſilver ſpoke;
Here were the beam and axle torn away,
And ſcatter'd o'er the earth the ſhining fragments lay:
The breathleſs Phæton, with flaming hair
Shot from the chariot like a falling ſtar,
That in a ſummer's evening from the top
Of heav'n drops down, or ſeems at leaſt to drop,
Till on the Po his blaſted corpſe was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the weſtern world.

Phaeton's ſiſters transformed into trees.

The Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd,
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd,
And, whilſt yet ſmoking from the bolt he lay,
His ſhatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph deviſe;
"Here he who drove the ſun's bright chariot lies;

"His father's fiery ſteeds he could not guide,
"But in the glorious enterpriſe he dy'd."
Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief;
And if the ſtory may deſerve belief,
The ſpace of one whole day is ſaid to run,
From morn to wonted ev'n without a ſun;
The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the ſun, and counterfeit a day,
A day that ſtill did Nature's face diſcloſe;
This comfort from the mighty miſchief roſe.
But Clymenè, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And as her grief inſpires her paſſion vents:
Wild for her ſon, and frantic in her woes,
With hair diſhevell'd, round the world ſhe goes,
To ſeek where'er his body might be caſt,
Till, on the borders of the Po, at laſt
The name inſcrib'd on the new tomb appears;
The dear dear name ſhe bathes in flowing tears,
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.
Her daughters, too, lament, and ſigh, and mourn,
(A fruitleſs tribute to their brother's urn)
And beat their naked boſoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaeton in vain;
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day ſtand round the tomb and weep.
Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd,
So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd;

When now the eldeſt, Phaethuſa, ſtrove
To reſt her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but ſhe found
Herſelf withheld, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as ſhe grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves:
One ſees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms ſhot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs, and breaſts, and bodies, ſtood
Cruſted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;
But ſtill above were female heads diſplay'd,
And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haſte ſhe flew,
And kiſs'd her ſprouting daughters as they grew:
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from their verdant fingers ſtrips the leaves:
The blood came trickling where ſhe tore away
The leaves and bark: the maids where heard to ſay,
" Forbear, miſtaken Parent, oh! forbear;
" A wounded daughter in each tree you tear:
" Farewell for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words ſuppreſs'd.
The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, hard'ned into value by the ſun,
Diſtil for ever on the ſtreams below;
The limpid ſtreams their radiant treaſure ſhow,
Mixt in the ſand, whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dreſs of the bright Latian maid.

The transformation of Cycnus into a Swan.

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transform'd; ally'd
To their dead brother on the mortal ſide,
In friendſhip and affection nearer bound,
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Thro' pathleſs fields and lonely ſhores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the ſiſters' change.
Whilſt here, within the diſmal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan,
His voice was leſſen'd, as he try'd to ſpeak,
And iſſu'd thro' a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In ſkinny films, and ſhape his oary feet;
From both his ſides the wings and feathers break,
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak;
All Cycnus now into a Swan was turn'd,
Who ſtill rememb'ring how his kinſman burn'd,
To ſolitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.
Mean-while Apollo in a gloomy ſhade
(The native luſtre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging ſorrow, ſickens at the ſight
Of his own ſunſhine, and abhors the light;
The hidden griefs that in his boſom riſe
Sadden his looks, and over-caſt his eyes,
As when ſome duſky orb obſtructs his ray,
And ſullies, in a dim eclipſe, the day.

Now ſecretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm reſentments to his grief he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
" Ere ſince the birth of Time," ſaid he, " I've borne
" A long ungrateful toil without return;
" Let now ſome other manage, if he dare,
" The fiery ſteeds, and mount the burning car;
" Or if none elſe, let Jove his fortune try,
" And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by;
" Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
" My ſon deſerv'd not ſo ſevere a fate."
The gods ſtand round him as he mourns, and pray
He would reſume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be loſt in endleſs night;
Jove, too, himſelf, deſcending from his height,
Excuſes what had happen'd, and entreats,
Majeſtically mixing pray'rs and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harneſs'd ſteeds, that ſtill will horror ſhook,
And plies 'em with the laſh, and whips 'em on,
And as he whips upbraids 'em with his ſon.

The ſtory of Caliſto.

THE day was ſettled in its courſe, and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heav'ns above,
To ſearch if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was ſafe: the earth he then ſurvey'd,
And caſt an eye on every diff'rent coaſt,
And every land, but on Arcadia moſt:

Her fields he cloth'd, and cheer'd her blaſted face
With running fountains and with ſpringing graſs:
No tracks of heav'n's deſtructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and Nature ſmiles again.
  But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the ſpring its birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor ſpun nor dreſs'd with artful pride;
Her veſt was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
Now in her hand a ſlender ſpear ſhe bore,
Now a light quiver on her ſhoulders wore;
To chaſte Diana from her youth inclin'd,
The ſprightly warriors of the wood ſhe join'd:
Diana too the gentle huntreſs lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour laſts not long.
  The ſun now ſhone in all its ſtrength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful ſhadow caſt;
She dropp'd her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She flung herſelf on the cool graſſy bed,
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove ſaw the charming huntreſs unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
"Here I am ſafe," he cries, "from Juno's eye,
"Or ſhould my jealous queen the theft deſcry,

" Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
" And ſtand her rage for ſuch, for ſuch a bliſs!"
Diana's ſhape and habit ſtraight he took,
Soften'd his brows, and ſmooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent ſpoke.
" How fares my girl? how went the morning chaſe?"
To whom the virgin, ſtarting from the graſs,
" All-hail, bright Deity! whom I prefer
" To Jove himſelf, tho' Jove himſelf were here."
The god was nearer than ſhe thought, and heard
Well pleas'd himſelf before himſelf preferr'd.
He then ſalutes her with a warm embrace,
And ere ſhe half had told the morning chaſe,
With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliſs,
Smother'd her words, and ſtopp'd her with a kiſs:
His kiſſes with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could Diana's ſhape conceal the god.
The virgin did whate'er a virgin could;
(Sure Juno muſt have pardon'd had ſhe view'd)
With all her might againſt his force ſhe ſtrove;
But how can mortal maids contend with Jove!
Poſſeſs'd at length of what his heart deſir'd,
Back to his heav'ns th' inſulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntreſs, riſing from the graſs,
With downcaſt eyes, and with a bluſhing face,
By ſhame confounded, and by fear diſmay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty ſhade,
And almoſt, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and ſhafts behind.

But now Diana, with a ſprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph; the nymph began to fear
A ſecond fraud, a Jove diſguis'd in her;
But when ſhe ſaw the ſiſter-nymphs, ſuppreſt
Her riſing fears, and mingled with the reſt.
How in the look does conſcious guilt appear!
Slowly ſhe mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear,
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddeſs ran,
As once ſhe us'd, the foremoſt of the train.
Her looks were fluſh'd, and ſullen was her mien,
That ſure the virgin-goddeſs (had ſhe been
Aught but a virgin) muſt the guilt have ſeen.
'Tis ſaid the nymphs ſaw all, and gueſs'd aright:
And now the moon had nine times loſt her light,
When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert and refreſhing ſtreams,
That in ſoft murmurs thro' the foreſt flow'd,
And a ſmooth bed of ſhining gravel ſhow'd.
A covert ſo obſcure, and ſtreams ſo clear,
The goddeſs prais'd: "And now no ſpies are near,
"Let's ſtrip, my gentle Maids! and waſh," ſhe cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, ev'ry maid complies;
Only the bluſhing huntreſs ſtood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd:
In vain excus'd; her fellows round her preſs'd,
And the reluctant nymph by force undreſs'd.
The naked huntreſs all her ſhame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;

"Begone!" the goddeſs cries with ſtern diſdain,
"Begone! nor dare the hallow'd ſtream to ſtain."
She fled, for ever baniſh'd from the train.
This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To puniſh the deteſted rival's crime:
The time was come; for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.
The goddeſs caſt a furious look, and cry'd,
"It is enough; I'm fully ſatisfy'd:
"This boy ſhall ſtand a living mark, to prove
"My huſband's baſeneſs and the ſtrumpet's love.
"But vengeance ſhall awake; thoſe guilty charms
"That drew the Thunderer from Juno's arms,
"No longer ſhall their wonted force retain,
"Nor pleaſe the god, nor make the mortal vain."
This ſaid, her hand within her hair ſhe wound,
Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground:
The proſtrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
Her arms grow ſhaggy, and deform'd with hair;
Her nails are ſharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow diſtorted in an ugly grin;
And, leſt the ſupplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, ſhe was depriv'd of ſpeech:
Her ſurly voice thro' a hoarſe paſſage came
In ſavage ſounds; her mind was ſtill the ſame:
The furry monſter fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,

And begg'd his aid with inward groans; and tho'
She could not call him falſe, ſhe thought him ſo.
  How did ſhe fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs purſue,
Whilſt from her hounds the frighted huntreſs flew!
How did ſhe fear her fellow brutes, and ſhun
The ſhaggy bear, tho' now herſelf was one!
How from the ſight of rugged wolves retire,
Altho' the grim Lycaon was her ſire!
  But now her ſon had fifteen ſummers told,
Fierce at the chaſe, and in the foreſt bold,
When, as he beat the woods in queſt of prey,
He chanc'd to rouſe his mother where ſhe lay.
She knew her ſon, and kept him in her ſight,
And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breaſt,
And would have ſlain his mother in the beaſt;
But Jove forbade, and ſnatch'd 'em thro' the air
In whirlwinds up to heav'n, and fix'd 'em there,
Where the new conſtellations nightly riſe,
And add a luſtre to the northern ſkies.
  When Juno ſaw the rival in her height,
Spangled with ſtars and circled round with light,
She ſought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys, both rever'd among the gods.
They aſk what brings her there? "Ne'er aſk," ſays ſhe,
"What brings me here; heav'n is no place for me.

"You'll ſee, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
" Jove's ſtarry baſtard and triumphant whore
" Uſurp the heav'ns; you'll ſee 'em proudly roll
" In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
" And who ſhall now on Juno's altar wait,
" When thoſe ſhe hates grow greater by her hate?
" I on the nymph a brutal form impreſs'd,
" Jove to a goddeſs has transform'd the beaſt:
" This, this was all my weak revenge could do;
" But let the god his chaſte amours purſue,
" And, as he acted after Io's rape,
" Reſtore th' adult'reſs to her former ſhape;
" Then may he caſt his Juno off, and lead
" The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
" But you, ye venerable Powers! be kind,
" And, if my wrongs a due reſentment find,
" Receive not in your waves their ſetting beams,
" Nor let the glaring ſtrumpet taint your ſtreams."
The goddeſs ended, and her wiſh was giv'n;
Back ſhe return'd in triumph up to heav'n;
Her gaudy peacocks drew her thro' the ſkies,
Their tails were ſpotted with a thouſand eyes;
The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
At the ſame time the raven's colour chang'd.

The ſtory of Coronis, and birth of Æſculapius.

THE raven once in ſnowy plumes was dreſt,
White as the whiteſt dove's unſully'd breaſt,

Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the ſwan, a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him quite
To ſooty blackneſs from the pureſt white.
The ſtory of his change ſhall here be told.
In Theſſaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerleſs maid ſhe ſhin'd,
Confeſs'd the faireſt of the fairer kind:
Apollo lov'd her till her guilt he knew,
While true ſhe was, or whilſt he thought her true;
But his own bird, the raven, chanc'd to find
The falſe one with a ſecret rival join'd:
Coronis begg'd him to ſuppreſs the tale,
But could not with repeated pray'rs prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd,
The buſy daw flew with him ſide by ſide,
And by a thouſand teaſing queſtions drew
Th' important ſecret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honeſt counſel, tho' deſpis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus adviſ'd.
"Stay, ſilly Bird! th' ill-natur'd taſk refuſe,
"Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news;
"Be warn'd by my example; you diſcern
"What now I am, and what I was ſhall learn:
"My fooliſh honeſty was all my crime;
"Then hear my ſtory. Once upon a time
"The two-ſhap'd Eriсthonius had his birth
"(Without a mother) from the teeming earth;

"Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
"Within a cheſt, of twining oſiers made.
"The daughters of King Cecrops undertook
"To guard the cheſt, commanded not to look
"On what was hid within. I ſtood to ſee
"The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree.
"The ſiſters Pandroſos and Hersè keep
"The ſtrict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
"And ſaw the monſtrous infant in a fright,
"And call'd her ſiſters to the hideous ſight:
"A boy's ſoft ſhape did to the waiſt prevail,
"But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
"I told the ſtern Minerva all that paſs'd,
"But for my pains, diſcarded and diſgrac'd,
"The frowning goddeſs drove me from her ſight,
"And for her fav'rite choſe the bird of night.
"Be then no telltale; for I think my wrong
"Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
"But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
"As never by the heav'nly maid belov'd:
"But I was lov'd; aſk Pallas if I lie;
"Tho' Pallas hate me now, ſhe won't deny;
"For I, whom in a feather'd ſhape you view,
"Was once a maid (by Heav'n the ſtory's true)
"A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too.
"A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
"My beauty was the cauſe of all my harms;
"Neptune, as on his ſhores I went to rove,
"Obſerv'd me in my walks, and fell in love.

"He made his courtſhip, he confeſs'd his pain,
"And offer'd force when all his arts were vain:
"Swift he purſu'd; I ran along the ſtrand,
"Till, ſpent and weary'd on the ſinking ſand,
"I ſhriek'd aloud; with cries I fill'd the air
"To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
"A virgin goddeſs heard a virgin's prayer;
"For as my arms I lifted to the ſkies,
"I ſaw black feathers from my fingers riſe;
"I ſtrove to fling my garment on the ground;
"My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round:
"My hands to beat my naked boſom try;
"Nor naked boſom now nor hands had I.
"Lightly I tript, nor weary, as before,
"Sunk in the ſand, but ſkimm'd along the ſhore,
"Till, riſing on my wings, I was preferr'd
"To be the chaſte Minerva's virgin bird:
"Preferr'd in vain! I now am in diſgrace;
"Nyctimenè the owl enjoys my place.
"On her inceſtuous life I need not dwell,
"(In Leſbos ſtill the horrid tale they tell)
"And of her dire amours you muſt have heard,
"For which ſhe now does penance in a bird,
"That, conſcious of her ſhame, avoids the light,
"And loves the gloomy cov'ring of the night;
"The birds, where'er ſhe flutters, ſcare away
"The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day."

The raven, urg'd by ſuch impertinence,
Grew paſſionate, it ſeems, and took offence,
And curs'd the harmleſs daw; the daw withdrew;
The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of falſe Coronis and the favour'd youth.
The god was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forſook;
His ſilver bow and feather'd ſhafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breaſt
That had ſo often to his own been preſt.
Down fell the wounded nymph, and ſadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound,
And, welt'ring in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
"Ah, cruel God! tho' I have juſtly dy'd,
"What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
"That he ſhould fall, and two expire in one?"
This ſaid, in agonies ſhe fetch'd her breath.
The god diſſolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falſehood known,
And hates himſelf for what himſelf had done;
The feather'd ſhaft that ſent her to the Fates,
And his own hand that ſent the ſhaft, he hates:
Fain would he heal the wound, and eaſe her pain,
And tries the compaſs of his art in vain.
Soon as he ſaw the lovely nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With ſighs and groans her obſequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.

Her corpſe he kiſs'd, and heav'nly incenſe brought,
And ſolemniz'd the death himſelf had wrought.
But, leſt his offspring ſhould her fate partake,
Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and ſet the child at large,
And gave him to the Centaur Chiron's charge,
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

Ocyrrhöe transformed to a Mare.

Old Chiron took the babe with ſecret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celeſtial boy;
His daughter, too, whom on the ſandy ſhore
The nymph Chariclo to the Centaur bore,
With hair diſhevell'd on her ſhoulders, came
To ſee the child, Ocyrrhöe was her name;
She knew her father's arts, and could rehearſe
The depths of propheſy in ſounding verſe.
Once, as the ſacred infant ſhe ſurvey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus ſhe utter'd her prophetic tale;
"Hail, great Phyſician of the world! all hail!
"Hail, mighty Infant! who in years to come
"Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
"Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
"Make kingdoms thicker, and increaſe mankind;
"Thy daring art ſhall animate the dead,
"And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:

"Then ſhalt thou die, but from the dark abode
"Riſe up victorious, and be twice a god.
"And thou, my ſire, not deſtin'd by thy birth
"To turn to duſt, and mix with common earth,
"How wilt thou toſs and rave, and long to die,
"And quit thy claim to immortality,
"When thou ſhalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
"The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins?
"The gods, in pity, ſhall contract thy date,
"And give thee over to the pow'r of Fate."
Thus, ent'ring into deſtiny, the maid
The ſecrets of offended Jove betray'd:
More had ſhe ſtill to ſay, but now appears
Oppreſs'd with ſobs and ſighs, and drown'd in tears.
"My voice," ſays ſhe, "is gone, my language fails;
"Thro' every limb my kindred ſhape prevails:
"Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
"And with prophetic raptures ſwell my heart?
"What new deſires are theſe? I long to pace
"O'er flow'ry meadows, and to feed on graſs;
"I haſten to a brute, a maid no more;
"But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
"My ſire does half a human ſhape retain,
"And in his upper parts preſerves the man."
Her tongue no more diſtinct complaints affords,
But in ſhrill accents and misſhapen words
Pours forth ſuch hideous wailings as declare
The human form confounded in the Mare,

Till by degrees accompliſh'd in the beaſt,
She neigh'd outright, and all the ſteed expreſt.
Her ſtooping body on her hands is borne,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and ſhod in horn;
Her yellow treſſes ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail ſhe friſks her train:
The Mare was finiſh'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

The transformation of Battus to a Touchſtone.

Sore wept the Centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;
But how could Phœbus give the Centaur aid?
Degraded of his pow'r by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove,
And wielded in his hand a ſtaff of oak,
And o'er his ſhoulders threw the ſhepherd's cloke;
On ſeven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waſte the day.

As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove, that ſep'rate from their fellows ſtray'd:
The theft an old inſidious peaſant view'd,
(They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood)
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His favourite mares, and watch the gen'rous breed.
The thieviſh god ſuſpected him, and took
The hind aſide, and thus in whiſpers ſpoke;
"Diſcover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
"And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee."

" Go, ſtranger," cries the clown, " ſecurely on,
" That ſtone ſhall ſooner tell;" and ſhow'd a ſtone.
The god withdrew, but ſtraight return'd again,
In ſpeech and habit like a country ſwain,
And cries out, " Neighbour, haſt thou ſeen a ſtray
" Of bullocks and of heifers paſs this way ?
" In the recov'ry of my cattle join,
" A bullock and a heifer ſhall be thine."
The peaſant quick replies, " You'll find 'em there
" In yon' dark vale:" and in the vale they were.
The double bribe had his falſe heart beguil'd:
The god, ſucceſsful in the trial, ſmil'd;
" And doſt thou thus betray myſelf to me?
" Me to myſelf doſt thou betray?" ſays he;
Then to a Touchſtone turns the faithleſs ſpy,
And in his name records his infamy.

The ſtory of Aglauros transformed into a Statue.

THIS done, the god flew up on high, and paſs'd
O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
And wide Munichia, whilſt his eyes ſurvey
All the vaſt region that beneath him lay.
'Twas now the feaſt, when each Athenian maid
Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
In caniſters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads their myſtic gifts they bore;
And now, returning in a ſolemn train,
The troop of ſhining virgins fill'd the plain.

The god, well-pleas'd, beheld the pompous ſhow,
And ſaw the bright proceſſion paſs below,
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them. As the ſpreading kite,
That ſmells the ſlaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a diſtance if the prieſts are nigh,
And ſails around, and keeps it in her eye,
So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
And in ſlow winding circles round them flew.
  As Lucifer excels the meaneſt ſtar,
Or as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer,
So much did Herſè all the reſt outvy,
And gave a grace to the ſolemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung;
So the cold bullet, that with fury flung
From Balearic engines, mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the ſky.
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and ſhow'd
The form divine, the features of a god:
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he ſtrives to better them by art:
He hangs his mantle looſe, and ſets to ſhow
The golden edging on the ſeam below,
Adjuſts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves, with an air, the ſleep-procuring wand,
The glittering ſandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trimm'd pinion ties.
  His ornaments with niceſt art diſplay'd,
He ſeeks th' apartment of the royal maid.

The roof was all with poliſh'd iv'ry lin'd,
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoiſe ſhin'd.
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
The midmoſt by the beauteous Hersè grac'd;
Her virgin ſiſters lodg'd on either ſide.
Aglauros firſt th' approaching god deſcry'd,
And, as he croſs'd her chamber, aſk'd his name,
And what his bus'neſs was, and whence he came?
"I come," reply'd the god, "from heav'n, to woo
"Your ſiſter, and to make an aunt of you;
"I am the ſon and meſſenger of Jove,
"My name is Mercury, my bus'neſs love;
"Do you, kind damſel! take a lover's part,
"And gain admittance to your ſiſter's heart."
She ſtar'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when ſhe on Minerva's ſecret gaz'd,
And aſks a mighty treaſure for her hire,
And till he brings it makes the god retire.
Minerva griev'd to ſee the nymph ſucceed,
And now rememb'ring the late impious deed,
When, diſobedient to her ſtrict command,
She touch'd the cheſt with an unhallow'd hand,
In big ſwoln ſighs her inward rage expreſt,
That heav'd the riſing Ægis on her breaſt,
Then ſought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds, and from the wholſome ſkies
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,

Diſmal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or diſturbs the night.
  Directly to the cave her courſe ſhe ſteer'd;
Againſt the gates her martial lance ſhe rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
A pois'nous morſel in her teeth ſhe chew'd,
And gorg'd the fleſh of vipers for her food.
Minerva loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monſter, riſing heavily,
Came ſtalking forward with a ſullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as ſhe ſaw the goddeſs gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at ſuch a cheerful ſight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul diſtorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts poſſeſt,
And ſpread a greenneſs o'er her canker'd breaſt:
Her teeth were brown with ruſt; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the ſtringy poiſon hung.
She never ſmiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's ſleep,
Reſtleſs in ſpite; while, watchful to deſtroy,
She pines and ſickens at another's joy:
Foe to herſelf, diſtreſſing and diſtreſt,
She bears her own tormenter in her breaſt.
The goddeſs gave (for ſhe abhorr'd her ſight)
ſhort command: "To Athens ſpeed thy flight;
"On curs'd Aglauros try thy utmoſt art,
"And fix thy rankeſt venoms in her heart."

This ſaid, her ſpear ſhe puſh'd againſt the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to heav'n: the hag, with eyes aſkew,
Look'd up, and mutter'd curſes as ſhe flew;
For ſore ſhe fretted, and began to grieve
At the ſucceſs which ſhe herſelf muſt give;
Then takes her ſtaff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And ſails along, in a black whirlwind borne
O'er fields and flow'ry meadows: where ſhe ſteers
Her baneful courſe a mighty blaſt appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flow'rs, and the whole year, laid waſte:
On mortals next, and peopled towns, ſhe falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.
When Athens ſhe beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deſerv'd a tear.
Th'apartment now ſhe enter'd, where at reſt
Aglauros lay, with gentle ſleep oppreſt.
To execute Minerva's dire command
She ſtrok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breaſt convey'd,
That ſtung to madneſs the devoted maid:
Her ſubtle venom ſtill improves the ſmart,
Frets in the blood, and feſters in the heart.
To make the work more ſure, a ſcene ſhe drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view

Her ſiſter's marriage, and her glorious fate:
Th' imaginary bride appears in ſtate,
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows,
For Envy magnifies whate'er ſhe ſhows.
  Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkneſs all the day;
Conſum'd like ice, that juſt begins to run,
When feebly ſmitten by the diſtant ſun;
Or like unwholſome weeds that, ſet on fire,
Are ſlowly waſted, and in ſmoke expire.
Given up to Envy (for in ev'ry thought
The thorns, the venom, and the viſion, wrought)
Oft' did ſhe call on Death, as oft' decreed,
Rather than ſee her ſiſter's wiſh ſucceed,
To tell her awful father what had paſt;
At length before the door herſelf ſhe caſt,
And, ſitting on the ground with ſullen pride,
A paſſage to the love-ſick god deny'd.
The god careſs'd, and for admiſſion pray'd,
And ſooth'd in ſofteſt words th' envenom'd maid:
In vain he ſooth'd; "Begone!" the maid replies,
"Or here I keep my ſeat, and never riſe."
"Then keep thy ſeat for ever," cries the god,
And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.
Fain would ſhe riſe, and ſtop him, but ſhe found
Her trunk too heavy to forſake the ground;
Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.

As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds,
So does the chilneſs to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart,
Till hard'ning every where, and ſpeechleſs grown,
She ſits unmov'd, and freezes to a ſtone;
But ſtill her envious hue and ſullen mien
Are in the ſedentary figure ſeen.

Europa's Rape.

When now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the ſtubborn maid,
From where the bright Athenian turrets riſe
He mounts aloft, and reaſcends the ſkies.
Jove ſaw him enter the ſublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the crowd of gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the reſt,
And in ſoft whiſpers thus his will expreſt.
"My truſty Hermes, by whoſe ready aid
"Thy ſire's commands are thro' the world convey'd,
"Reſume thy wings, exert their utmoſt force,
"And to the walls of Sidon ſpeed thy courſe,
"There find a herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
"The neighb'ring hill, and drive 'em to the ſhore."
Thus ſpoke the god, concealing his intent.
The truſty Hermes on his meſſage went,
And found the herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
A neighb'ring hill, and drove 'em to the ſhore,

Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of ſellow-nymphs, was ſporting on the plain.
The dignity of empire laid aſide,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride)
The ruler of the ſkies, the thund'ring god,
Who ſhakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Friſk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his ſhoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung:
His ſkin was whiter than the ſnow that lies
Unſully'd by the breath of ſouthern ſkies;
Small ſhining horns on his curl'd forehead ſtand,
As turn'd and poliſh'd by the workman's hand;
His eyeballs roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languiſh'd with a gentle light;
His ev'ry look was peaceful, and expreſt
The ſoftneſs of the lover in the beaſt.
Agenor's royal daughter, as ſhe play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull ſurvey'd,
And view'd his ſpotleſs body with delight,
And at a diſtance kept him in her ſight:
At length ſhe pluck'd the riſing flow'rs, and fed
The gentle beaſt, and fondly ſtrok'd his head.
He ſtood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleaſure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighb'ring ſtrand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow ſand;

And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes toſſing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breaſt to ſtroke, and downward turns
His griſly brow, and gently ſtoops his horns.
In flow'ry wreaths the royal virgin dreſt
His bending horns, and kindly clapp'd his breaſt,
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that ſhe preſs'd the Thunderer,
She plac'd herſelf upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, ſeated on the god.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the ſeas;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the ſhore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But ſtill ſhe holds him faſt: one hand is borne
Upon his back, the other graſps a horn;
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
Thro' ſtorms and tempeſts he the virgin bore,
And lands her ſafe on the Dictæan ſhore,
Where now, in his divineſt form array'd,
In his true ſhape he captivates the maid,
Who gazes on him, and with wond'ring eyes
Beholds the new majeſtic figure riſe,
His glowing features and celeſtial light,
And all the god diſcover'd to her ſight.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

The ſtory of Cadmus.

When now Agenor had his daughter loſt,
He ſent his ſon to ſearch on ev'ry coaſt,
And ſternly bid him to his arms reſtore
The darling maid, or ſee his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime.
Thus was the father pious to a crime.
  The reſtleſs youth ſearch'd all the world around;
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When tir'd at length with unſucceſsful toil,
To ſhun his angry ſire and native ſoil,
He goes a ſuppliant to the Delphic dome,
There aſks the god what new-appointed home
Should end his wand'rings and his toils relieve?
The Delphic oracles this anſwer give.
  " Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
" Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
" Mark well the place where firſt ſhe lays her down,
" There meaſure out thy walls, and build thy town,
" And from thy guide Bœotia call the land,
" In which the deſtin'd walls and town ſhall ſtand."
  No ſooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promiſe of the Delphic god,

When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with ſervitude;
Her gently at a diſtance he purſu'd;
And as he walk'd aloof, in ſilence pray'd
To the great pow'r whoſe counſels he obey'd.
Her way thro' flow'ry Panopè ſhe took,
And now, Cephiſus, croſs'd thy ſilver brook,
When to the heav'ns her ſpacious front ſhe rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On thoſe behind, till on the deſtin'd place
She ſtoop'd, and couch'd amid the riſing graſs.
  Cadmus ſalutes the ſoil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains and the nameleſs vales,
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To ſee his new dominions round him lie,
Then ſends his ſervants to a neighb'ring grove
For living ſtreams, a ſacrifice to Jove.
  O'er the wide plain there roſe a ſhady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark boſom ſtood
A buſhy thicket, pathleſs and unworn,
O'errun with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn;
Amidſt the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and ſhelving arches vaulted round.
  Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poiſon to a monſtrous ſize;
Fire broke in flaſhes when he glanc'd his eyes;
His tow'ring creſt was glorious to behold,
His ſhoulders and his ſides were ſcal'd with gold;

Three tongues he brandiſh'd when he charg'd his foes;
His teeth ſtood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water ſought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault;
From ſide to ſide their empty urns rebound,
And rouſe the ſleepy ſerpent with the ſound.
Straight he beſtirs him, and is ſeen to riſe;
And now with dreadful hiſſings fills the ſkies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring eyes.
The Tyrians drop their veſſels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous ſight.
Spire above ſpire uprear'd in air he ſtood,
And gazing round him overlook'd the wood;
Then floting on the ground in circles roll'd,
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of ſuch a bulk, and ſuch a monſtrous ſize
The Serpent in the Polar Circle lies,
That ſtretches over half the northern ſkies.
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly;
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd, or feel a loathſome death,
Swoln up with blaſts of peſtilential breath.

And now the ſcorching ſun was mounted high,
In all its luſtre, to the noonday ſky,
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
To ſearch the woods th' impatient chief prepares.

A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd jav'lin to the field he bore,
Inur'd to blood, the far-deſtroying dart,
And, the beſt weapon, an undaunted heart.
  Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He ſaw his ſervants breathleſs on the graſs;
The ſcaly foe amidſt their corpſe' he view'd,
Baſking at eaſe, and feaſting in their blood.
" Such friends," he cries, " deſerv'd a longer date;
" But Cadmus will revenge, or ſhare their fate:"
Then heav'd a ſtone, and riſing to the throw,
He ſent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, aſſaulted by ſo rude a ſtroke,
With all its lofty battlements had ſhook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmleſs from the plaited ſcales,
That, firmly join'd, preſerv'd him from a wound,
With native armour cruſted all around:
With more ſucceſs the dart unerring flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited ſcales it took its courſe,
And in the ſpinal marrow ſpent its force:
The monſter hiſs'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain,
And bit the ſpear, and wrench'd the wood away;
The point ſtill buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increaſing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in ev'ry vein;

Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom roſe,
Whilſt from his mouth a blaſt of vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal Stygian waters caſt;
The plants around him wither in the blaſt.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravell'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the foreſt in his boiſt'rous courſe.
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's ſpoil
Suſtain'd the ſhock, then forc'd him to recoil;
The pointed jav'lin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The ſerpent champs the ſteel, and bites the ſpear,
Till blood and venom all the point beſmear;
But ſtill the hurt he yet receiv'd was ſlight;
For whilſt the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and diſappoints the blow.
  The dauntleſs hero ſtill purſues his ſtroke,
And preſſes forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and ſtops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal ſpear,
That in th' extended neck a paſſage found,
And pierc'd the ſolid timber thro' the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a ſtroke
Of his huge tail he laſh'd the ſturdy oak,
Till ſpent with toil, and lab'ring hard for breath,
He now lay twiſting in the pangs of death.

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of ſwimming poiſon, intermix'd with blood;
When ſuddenly a ſpeech was heard from high,
(The ſpeech was heard, nor was the ſpeaker nigh)
" Why doſt thou thus with ſecret pleaſure ſee,
" Inſulting man! what thou thyſelf ſhalt be?"
Aſtoniſh'd at the voice, he ſtood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd;
When Pallas ſwift deſcending from the ſkies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wiſe,
Bids him plough up the field, and ſcatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground,
Then tells the youth how to his wond'ring eyes
Embattled armies from the field ſhould riſe.

He ſows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he ſows;
And now the pointed ſpears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and ſhining creſts,
Now the broad ſhoulders and the riſing breaſts;
O'er all the field the breathing harveſt ſwarms,
A growing hoſt, a crop of men and arms!

So thro' the parting ſtage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By juſt degrees, till all the man ariſe,
And in his full proportion ſtrikes the eyes.

Cadmus, ſurpris'd and ſtartled at the ſight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himſelf for fight;

When one cry'd out, "Forbear, fond man! forbear
"To mingle in a blind promiſcuous war."
This ſaid, he ſtruck his brother to the ground,
Himſelf expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conqueſt long ſurvive,
Dying ere ſcarce he had begun to live.
The dire example ran thro' all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows ſwam in blood; and only five
Of all the vaſt increaſe were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltleſs weapon from his hand,
And with the reſt a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes;
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Bœotian empire birth.
Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have gueſs'd
The royal founder in his exile bleſs'd:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathleſs gods,
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increaſe of children's children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bleſs'd before he die.
Actæon was the firſt of all his race,
Who griev'd his grandſire in his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by ſtern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and viſage not his own;

To ſhun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntſman to become their prey.
And yet conſider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance;
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

The transformation of Actæon into a Stag.

In a fair chaſe a ſhady mountain ſtood,
Well-ſtor'dwith game,and mark'dwith trails of blood:
Here did the huntſmen, till the heat of day,
Purſue the ſtag, and load themſelves with prey;
When thus Actæon calling to the reſt:
"My friends," ſays he, "our ſport is at the beſt:
"The ſun is high advanc'd, and downward ſheds
"His burning beams directly on our heads;
"Then by conſent abſtain from further ſpoils,
"Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils,
"And ere to-morrow's ſun begins his race,
"Take the cool morning to renew the chaſe."
They all conſent, and in a cheerful train
The jolly huntſmen, loaden with the ſlain,
Return in triumph from the ſultry plain.
Down in a vale, with pine and cypreſs clad,
Refreſh'd with gentle winds and brown with ſhade,
The chaſte Diana's private haunt, there ſtood
Full in the centre of the darkſome wood,
A ſpacious grotto, all around o'ergrown
With hoary moſs, and arch'd with pumice-ſtone;

From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And, trickling, ſwell into a lake below.
Nature had ev'ry where ſo play'd her part,
That ev'ry where ſhe ſeem'd to vie with Art:
Here the bright goddeſs, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.
  Here did ſhe now with all her train reſort,
Panting with heat, and breathleſs from the ſport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aſide,
Some loos'd her ſandals, ſome her veil unty'd;
Each buſy nymph her proper part undreſs'd,
While Crocalè, more handy than the reſt,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a nooſe
Bound it together, whilſt her own hung looſe:
Five of the more ignoble ſort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.
  Now all undreſs'd the ſhining goddeſs ſtood,
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs ſurvey'd.
The frighted virgins ſhriek'd at the ſurpriſe,
(The foreſt echo'd with their piercing cries)
Then in a huddle round their goddeſs preſs'd;
She, proudly eminent above the reſt,
With bluſhes glow'd, ſuch bluſhes as adorn
The ruddy welkin or the purple morn;
And tho' the crowding nymphs her body hide,
Half backward ſhrunk, and view'd him from aſide.

Surpris'd, at firſt ſhe would have ſnatch'd her bow,
But ſees the circling waters round her flow;
Theſe in the hollow of her hand ſhe took,
And daſh'd 'em in his face, while thus ſhe ſpoke:
"Tell, if thou canſt, the wondrous ſight diſclos'd,
"A goddeſs naked to thy view expos'd."
 This ſaid, the man begun to diſappear
By ſlow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A riſing horn on either brow he wears,
And ſtretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his ſkin, with ſudden hairs o'ergrown,
His boſom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haſte,
And wonders why he flies away ſo faſt:
But as by chance, within a neighb'ring brook,
He ſaw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
He try'd to ſpeak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the wat'ry glaſs
He ſaw the big round drops, with ſilent pace,
Run trickling down a ſavage hairy face.
What ſhould he do? or ſeek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and ſculk in woods?
Here ſhame diſſuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his akeing heart aſſails.
 As he thus ponders, he behind him ſpies
His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries;
A gen'rous pack, or to maintain the chaſe,
Or ſnuff the vapour from the ſcented graſs.

He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains and the flow'ry plain;
Thro' brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Thro' many a ring, where once he did pursue.
In vain he oft' endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
From shouting men, and horns, and dogs, he flies,
Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries.
When now the fleetest of the pack, that press'd
Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
Till all the pack came up, and ev'ry hound
Tore the sad huntsman grov'lling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His servants with a piteous look he spies,
And turns about his supplicating eyes.
His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
And call'd their lord Actæon to the game;
He shook his head in answer to the name:
He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have stood a looker-on:
But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched master panting in a deer.

The birth of Bacchus.

ACTÆON's fufferings and Diana's rage
Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage:
Some call'd the evils which Diana wrought
Too great, and difproportion'd to the fault;
Others, again, efteem'd Actæon's woes
Fit for a virgin goddefs to impofe:
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reafons are produced on either fide.
  Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the goddefs nor excufe:
She heeded not the juftice of the deed,
But joy'd to fee the race of Cadmus bleed;
For ftill fhe kept Europa in her mind,
And for her fake detefted all her kind.
Befides, to aggravate her hate, fhe heard
How Semelè, to Jove's embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carry'd in her womb a future god.
Thus terribly incens'd, the goddefs broke
To fudden fury, and abruptly fpoke.
  "Are my reproaches of fo fmall a force?
"'Tis time I then purfue another courfe:
"It is decreed the guilty wretch fhall die,
"If I'm indeed the miftrefs of the fky;
"If rightly ftyl'd among the pow'rs above
"The wife and fifter of the thund'ring Jove,

" (And none can ſure a ſiſter's right deny)
" It is decreed the guilty wretch ſhall die.
" She boaſts an honour I can hardly claim;
" Pregnant ſhe riſes to a mother's name;
" While proud and vain ſhe triumphs in her Jove,
" And ſhows the glorious tokens of his love;
" But if I'm ſtill the miſtreſs of the ſkies,
" By her own lover the fond beauty dies."
This ſaid, deſcending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semelè ſhe ſtood.
  Old Beroë's decrepit ſhape ſhe wears,
Her wrinkled viſage, and her hoary hairs,
Whilſt in her trembling gait ſhe totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurſe's tone.
The goddeſs, thus diſguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleaſing ſtories her falſe foſterchild.
Much did ſhe talk of love, and when ſhe came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a ſigh, and holding down her head,
" 'Tis well," ſays ſhe, " if all be true that's ſaid;
" But truſt me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
" Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
" Many an honeſt well-deſigning maid
" Has been by theſe pretended gods betray'd;
" But if he be indeed the thund'ring Jove,
" Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
" Deſcend triumphant from th' ethereal ſky,
" In all the pomp of his divinity,

"Encompaſs'd round by thoſe celeſtial charms
"With which he fills th' immortal Juno's arms."
  Th' unwary nymph, enſnar'd with what ſhe ſaid,
Deſir'd of Jove, when next he ſought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which ſhe would chuſe;
"Fear not," reply'd the god, "that I'll refuſe
"Whate'er you aſk: may Styx confirm my voice:
"Chuſe what you will, and you ſhall have your
    "choice."
"Then," ſays the nymph, "when next you ſeek my
"May you deſcend in thoſe celeſtial charms [arms,
"With which your Juno's boſom you inflame,
"And fill with tranſport heav'n's immortal dame."
The god, ſurpris'd, would fain have ſtopp'd her voice;
But he had ſworn, and ſhe had made her choice.
  To keep his promiſe he aſcends, and ſhrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds,
Whilſt all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play:
And yet, the dazzling luſtre to abate,
He ſet not out in all his pomp and ſtate,
Clad in the mildeſt lightning of the ſkies,
And arm'd with thunder of the ſmalleſt ſize;
Not thoſe huge bolts, by which the giants ſlain
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain:
'Twas of a leſſer mould, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a ſecond rate;

For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up leſs flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it ſooner in the ſtanding lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illuſtrious god, deſcending from his height,
Came ruſhing on her in a ſtorm of light.
The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning's flaſhes and the thunder's rage,
Conſum'd amidſt the glories ſhe deſir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.
But, to preſerve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him ſmoking from the blaſted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh:
Here when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino firſt took him for her foſterchild,
Then the Niſeans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd ſecretly with milk the thriving god.

The transformation of Tireſias.

'Twas now, while theſe tranſactions paſs'd on earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a ſecond birth,
When Jove, diſpos'd to lay aſide the weight
Of public empire and the cares of ſtate,
As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
"In troth," ſays he, (and as he ſpoke he laugh'd)
"The ſenſe of pleaſure in the male is far
"More dull and dead than what you females ſhare."

Juno the truth of what was ſaid deny'd;
Tireſias therefore muſt the cauſe decide,
For he the pleaſure of each ſex had try'd.
   It happen'd once, within a ſhady wood,
Two twiſted ſnakes he in conjunction view'd,
When with his ſtaff their ſlimy folds he broke,
And loſt his manhood at the fatal ſtroke;
But after ſeven revolving years he view'd
The ſelf-ſame ſerpents in the ſelf-ſame wood;
"And if," ſays he, "ſuch virtue in you lie,
"That he who dares your ſlimy folds unty
"Muſt change his kind, a ſecond ſtroke I'll try."
Again he ſtruck the ſnakes, and ſtood again
New ſex'd, and ſtraight recover'd into man.
Him therefore both the deities create
The ſov'reign umpire in their grand debate;
And he declar'd for Jove; when Juno, fir'd
More than ſo trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his ſight,
And left him groping round in ſudden night:
But Jove (for ſo it is in heav'n decreed,
That no one god repeal another's deed)
Irradiates all his ſoul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of ſight.

The transformation of Echo.

FAM'D far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' inquiring nations ſought their doom;

The fair Liriope his anfwers try'd,
And firft th' unerring prophet juftify'd:
This nymph the god Cephifus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the foft maids even then beheld with joy.
  The tender dame, folicitous to know
Whether her child fhould reach old age or no,
Confults the fage Tirefias, who replies,
"If ere he knows himfelf he furely dies."
Long liv'd the dubious mother in fufpenfe,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's fenfe.
  Narciffus now his fixteenth year began,
Juft turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth carefs'd,
Many a love-fick maid her flame confefs'd:
Such was his pride, in vain the friend carefs'd,
The love-fick maid in vain her flame confefs'd.
  Once in the woods as he purfu'd the chafe,
The babbling Echo had defcry'd his face;
She who in others' words her filence breaks,
Nor fpeaks herfelf but when another fpeaks.
Echo was then a maid, of fpeech bereft,
Of wonted fpeech; for tho' her voice was left,
Juno a curfe did on her tongue impofe,
To fport with ev'ry fentence in the clofe.
Full often, when the goddefs might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,

This nymph with ſubtle ſtories would delay
Her coming till the lovers ſlipp'd away.
The goddeſs found out the deceit in time,
And then ſhe cry'd, "That tongue for this thy crime,
"Which could ſo many ſubtle tales produce,
"Shall be hereafter but of little uſe."
Hence 'tis ſhe prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic ſounds, and accents not her own.
This love-ſick virgin, overjoy'd to find
The boy alone, ſtill follow'd him behind,
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
As ſulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden paſſion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound
To catch his voice, and to return the ſound.
The nymph, when nothing could Narciſſus move,
Still daſh'd with bluſhes for her ſlighted love,
Liv'd in the ſhady covert of the woods,
In ſolitary caves and dark abodes,
Where, pining, wander'd the rejected fair,
Till haraſs'd out, and worn away with care,
The ſounding ſkeleton, of blood bereft,
Beſides her bones and voice had nothing left:
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
In vaults, where ſtill it doubles every ſound.

The ſtory of Narciſſus.

Thus did the nymphs in vain careſs the boy,
He ſtill was lovely, but he ſtill was coy,
When one fair virgin of the ſlighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his diſdain,
"Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!"
Rhamnuſia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with juſt vengeance anſwer'd to her pray'r.
There ſtands a fountain in a darkſome wood,
Nor ſtain'd with falling leaves nor riſing mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it reſts,
Unſully'd by the touch of men or beaſts;
High bow'rs of ſhady trees above it grow,
And riſing graſs and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolneſs of the place,
And overheated by the morning chaſe,
Narciſſus on the graſſy verdure lies;
But whilſt within the cryſtal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heat ariſe;
For as his own bright image he ſurvey'd,
He fell in love with the fantaſtic ſhade,
And o'er the fair reſemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himſelf he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and ſhoulders he deſcries,
The ſpacious forehead and the ſparkling eyes,
The hands that Bacchus might not ſcorn to ſhow,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,

With all the purple youthfulneſs of face,
That gently bluſhes in the wat'ry glaſs:
By his own flames conſum'd the lover lies,
And gives himſelf the wound by which he dies:
To the cold water oft' he joins his lips,
Oft' catching at the beauteous ſhade he dips
His arms, as often from himſelf he ſlips;
Nor knows he who it is his arms purſue
With eager claſps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth! this helpleſs paſſion move?
What kindled in thee this unpity'd love?
Thy own warm bluſh within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd ſhadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thyſelf relies,
Step thou aſide, and the frail charmer dies.
  Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he ſtood,
Mindleſs of ſleep, and negligent of food,
Still view'd his face, and languiſh'd as he view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:
"You Trees!" ſays he, "and thou ſurrounding Grove!
"Who oft' have been the kindly ſcenes of love,
"Tell me if e'er within your ſhades did lie
"A youth ſo tortur'd, ſo perplex'd, as I?
"I who before me ſee the charming fair,
"Whilſt there he ſtands, and yet he ſtands not there:
"In ſuch a maze of love my thoughts are loſt,
"And yet no bulwark'd town nor diſtant coaſt

" Preſerves the beauteous youth from being ſeen,
" No mountains riſe, nor oceans flow between.
" A ſhallow water hinders my embrace;
" And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
" That kindly ſmiles, and when I bend to join
" My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
" Hear, gentle youth! and pity my complaint,
" Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant!
" My charms an eaſy conqueſt have obtain'd
" O'er other hearts, by thee alone diſdain'd.
" But why ſhould I deſpair? I'm ſure he burns
" With equal flames, and languiſhes by turns.
" Whene'er I ſtoop he offers at a kiſs,
" And when my arms I ſtretch, he ſtretches his:
" His eye with pleaſure on my face he keeps,
" He ſmiles my ſmiles, and when I weep he weeps:
" Whene'er I ſpeak his moving lips appear
" To utter ſomething which I cannot hear.
  " Ah, wretched me! I now begin too late
" To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
" It is myſelf I love, myſelf I ſee;
" The gay deluſion is a part of me:
" I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
" And my own beauties from the well return.
" Whom ſhould I court? how utter my complaint?
" Enjoyment but produces my reſtraint,
" And too much plenty makes me die for want.
" How gladly would I from myſelf remove,
" And at a diſtance ſet the thing I love!

" My breaſt is warm'd with ſuch unuſual fire,
" I wiſh him abſent whom I moſt deſire
" And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
" In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
" Death will the ſorrows of my heart relieve:
" O might the viſionary youth ſurvive,
" I ſhould with joy my lateſt breath reſign!
" But, oh! I ſee his fate involv'd in mine."
This ſaid, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;
His tears defac'd the ſurface of the well,
With circle after circle as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'errun with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears:
" Ah! whither," cries Narciſſus, " doſt thou fly?
" Let me ſtill feed the flame by which I die;
" Let me ſtill ſee, tho' I'm no further bleſt;"
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breaſt;
His naked boſom reddens with the blow,
In ſuch a bluſh as purple cluſters ſhow,
Ere yet the ſun's autumnal heats refine
Their ſprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breaſt he ſpies,
And with a new redoubled paſſion dies:
As wax diſſolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the ſun,
So melts the youth, and languiſhes away,
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,

And none of thoſe attractive charms remain
To which the ſlighted Echo ſu'd in vain.
She ſaw him in his preſent miſery,
Whom, ſpite of all her wrongs, ſhe griev'd to ſee;
She anſwer'd ſadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his ſighs, and groan'd to ev'ry groan:
"Ah! youth belov'd in vain," Narciſſus cries;
"Ah! youth belov'd in vain," the nymph replies.
"Farewell," ſays he: the parting ſound ſcarce fell
From his faint lips, but ſhe reply'd, "Farewell:"
Then on th' unwholſome earth he gaſping lies,
Till Death ſhuts up thoſe ſelf-admiring eyes;
To the cold ſhades his flitting ghoſt retires,
And in the Stygian waves itſelf admires.
For him the Naïads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the ſad Echo anſwers in her turn:
And now the ſiſter-nymphs prepare his urn,
When, looking for his corpſe, they only found
A riſing ſtalk with yellow bloſſoms crown'd.

The ſtory of Pentheus.

This ſad event gave blind Tireſias fame,
Thro' Greece eſtabliſh'd in a prophet's name.
Th' unhallow'd Pentheus only durſt deride
The cheated people and their eyeleſs guide;
To whom the prophet in his fury ſaid,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head,
"'Twere well, preſumptuous man! 'twere well for thee
"If thou wert eyeleſs too, and blind, like me;

"For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
"When the young god's ſolemnities appear,
"Which if thou doſt not with juſt rites adorn,
"Thy impious carcaſs, into pieces torn,
"Shall ſtrew the woods, and hang on ev'ry thorn.
"Then, then, remember what I now foretell,
"And own the blind Tireſias ſaw too well."
Still Pentheus ſcorns him and derides his ſkill,
But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil:
For now thro' proſtrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
Whilſt howling matrons celebrate the god.
All ranks and ſexes to his orgies ran,
To mingle in the pomps and fill the train,
When Pentheus thus his wicked rage expreſs'd;
"What madneſs, Thebans, has your ſouls poſſeſs'd?
"Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken ſhout,
"And the lewd clamours of a beaſtly rout,
"Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarm
"Of women's yells thoſe ſtubborn ſouls diſarm,
"Whom nor the ſword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
"Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
"And you, our ſires, who left your old abodes,
"And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods;
"Will you without a ſtroke your city yield,
"And poorly quit an undiſputed field?
"But you, whoſe youth and vigour ſhould inſpire
"Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
"Whom burniſh'd arms and creſted helmets grace,
"Not flow'ry garlands and a painted face,

" Remember him to whom you ſtand ally'd;
" The ſerpent for his well of waters dy'd:
" He fought the ſtrong; do you his courage ſhow,
" And gain a conqueſt o'er a feeble foe.
" If Thebes muſt fall, oh might the Fates afford
" A nobler doom from famine, fire, or ſword!
" Then might the Thebans periſh with renown;
" But now a beardleſs victor ſacks the town,
" Whom nor the prancing ſteed nor pond'rous ſhield,
" Nor the hack'd helmet nor the duſty field,
" But the ſoft joys of luxury and eaſe,
" The purple veſts and flow'ry garlands pleaſe.
" Stand then aſide, I'll make the counterfeit
" Renounce his godhead, and confeſs the cheat.
" Acriſius from the Grecian walls repell'd
" This boaſted pow'r; why then ſhould Pentheus yield?
" Go quickly; drag th' impoſtor boy to me;
" I'll try the force of his divinity."
Thus did th' audacious wretch thoſe rites profane,
His friends diſſuade the audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his grandſire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.
So have I ſeen a river gently glide,
In a ſmooth courſe, and inoffenſive tide,
But if with dams its current we reſtrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.
But now his ſervants came beſmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to ſeize the god;

The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

The mariners transformed to Dolphins.

HIM Pentheus view'd with fury in his look, 689
And ſcarce withheld his hands, while thus he ſpoke:
" Vile Slave! whom ſpeedy vengeance ſhall purſue,
" And terrify thy baſe ſeditious crew,
" Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
" And why thou join'ſt in theſe mad orgies tell."
The captive views him with undaunted eyes, 695
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies.
" From high Meonia's rocky ſhores I came,
" Of poor deſcent, Acœtes is my name:
" My ſire was meanly born; no oxen plow'd
" His fruitful fields, nor in his paſtures low'd: 700
" His whole eſtate within the waters lay;
" With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
" His art was all his livelihood, which he
" Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me; 704
" In ſtreams, my Boy, and rivers, take thy chance;
" There ſwims," ſaid he, " thy whole inheritance.
" Long did I live on this poor legacy,
" Till tir'd with rocks and my own native ſky,
" To arts of navigation I inclin'd,
" Obſerv'd the turns and changes of the wind, 710
" Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
" The ſtormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,

" The bright Taygete, and the ſhining Bears,
" With all the ſailor's catalogue of ſtars.
" Once, as by chance for Delos I deſign'd,
" My veſſel, driv'n by a ſtrong guſt of wind,
" Moor'd in a Chian creek; aſhore I went,
" And all the following night in Chios ſpent.
" When morning roſe, I ſent my mates to bring
" Supplies of water from a neighb'ring ſpring,
" Whilſt I the motion of the winds explor'd,
" Then ſummon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
" Opheltes heard my ſummons, and with joy
" Brought to the ſhore a ſoft and lovely boy,
" With more than female ſweetneſs in his look,
" Whom ſtraggling in the neighb'ring fields he took;
" With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
" And nods with ſleep, and ſtaggers as he goes.
" I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
" Each heav'nly feature, each immortal grace,
" And ſaw divinity in all his face.
" I know not who," ſaid I, " this god ſhould be,
" But that he is a god I plainly ſee;
" And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuſe the force
" Theſe men have us'd, and, oh, befriend our courſe!"
" Pray not for us," the nimble Dictys cry'd,
" Dictys, that could the main-topmaſt beſtride,
" And down the ropes with active vigour ſlide:
" To the ſame purpoſe old Epopeus ſpoke,
" Who overlook'd the oars, and tim'd the ſtroke;

"The ſame the pilot, and the ſame the reſt;
"Such impious avarice their ſouls poſſeſt:
"Nay, Heav'n forbid that I ſhould bear away
"Within my veſſel ſo divine a prey,
"Said I, and ſtood to hinder their intent;
"When Lycabas, a wretch, for murder ſent
"From Tuſcany, to ſuffer baniſhment,
"With his clench'd fiſt had ſtruck me overboard,
"Had not my hands in falling graſp'd a cord.

"His baſe confederates the fact approve,
"When Bacchus (for 'twas he) begun to move,
"Wak'd by the noiſe and clamours which they rais'd,
"And ſhook his drowſy limbs, and round him gaz'd.
"What means this noiſe?" he cries; "am I betray'd?
"Ah! whither, whither muſt I be convey'd?"
"Fear not," ſaid Proteus, "child, but tell us where
"You wiſh to land, and truſt our friendly care."
"To Naxos then direct your courſe," ſays he;
"Naxos a hoſpitable port ſhall be
"To each of you, a joyful home to me."
"By ev'ry god that rules the ſea or ſky,
"The perjur'd villains promiſe to comply,
"And bid me haſten to unmoor the ſhip.
"With eager joy I launch into the deep,
"And, heedleſs of the fraud, for Naxos ſtand:
"They whiſper oft', and beckon with the hand,
"And give me ſigns, all anxious for their prey,
"To tack about and ſteer another way.

" Then let ſome other to my poſt ſucceed,
" Said I, I'm guiltleſs of ſo foul a deed."
" What," ſays Ethalion, " muſt the ſhip's whole crew
" Follow your humour, and depend on you ?"
" And ſtraight himſelf he ſeated at the prore,
" And tack'd about, and ſought another ſhore.
" The beauteous youth now found himſelf betray'd,
" And from the deck the riſing wave ſurvey'd,
" And ſeem'd to weep, and as he wept he ſaid ;
" And do you thus my eaſy faith beguile ?
" Thus do you bear me to my native iſle ?
" Will ſuch a multitude of men employ
" Their ſtrength againſt a weak defenceleſs boy ?"
" In vain did I the godlike youth deplore,
" The more I begg'd they thwarted me the more.
" And now by all the gods in heav'n that hear
" This ſolemn oath, by Bacchus' ſelf I ſwear,
" The mighty miracle that did enſue,
" Altho' it ſeems beyond belief, is true.
" The veſſel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
" Unmov'd by all the beating billows, ſtood :
" In vain the mariners would plough the main
" With ſails unfurl'd, and ſtrike their oars in vain ;
" Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
" And climbs the maſt, and hides the cords in leaves ;
" The ſails are cover'd with a cheerful green,
" And berries in the fruitful canvaſs ſeen ;

" Amidſt the waves a ſudden foreſt rears
" Its verdant head, and a new ſpring appears.
  " The god we now behold with open'd eyes;
" A herd of ſpotted panthers round him lies
" In glaring forms; the grapy cluſters ſpread
" On his fair brows, and dangle on his head;
" And whilſt he frowns, and brandiſhes his ſpear,
" My mates, ſurpris'd with madneſs or with fear,
" Leap'd overboard. Firſt perjur'd Madon found
" Rough ſcales and fins his ſtiff'ning ſides ſurround:
" Ah! what," cries one, " has thus transform'd thy look?"
" Straight his own mouth grew wider as he ſpoke,
" And now himſelf he views with like ſurpriſe.
" Still at his oar th' induſtrious Libys plies,
" But as he plies each buſy arm ſhrinks in,
" And by degrees is faſhion'd to a fin.
" Another, as he catches at a cord,
" Miſſes his arms, and, tumbling overboard,
" With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
" The riſing ſurge, and flounces in the waves.
" Thus all my crew, transform'd around the ſhip,
" Or dive below, or on the ſurface leap,
" And ſpout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
" Full nineteen ſailors did the ſhip convey,
" A ſhole of nineteen dolphins round her play;
" I only in my proper ſhape appear,
" Speechleſs with wonder, and half dead with fear,

“ ’Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more;
“ With him I landed on the Chian ſhore,
“ And him ſhall ever gratefully adore.
  “ This forging ſlave,” ſays Pentheus, “ would prevail
“ O’er our juſt fury by a far-fetch’d tale;
“ Go, let him feel the whips, the ſwords, the fire,
“ And in the tortures of the rack expire.”
Th’ officious ſervants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay;
But whilſt the whips and tortures are prepar’d,
The gates fly open, of themſelves unbarr’d!
At liberty th’ unfetter’d captive ſtands,
And flings the looſen’d ſhackles from his hands.

The death of Pentheus.

But Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
Reſolv’d to ſend his meſſengers no more,
But went himſelf to the diſtracted throng,
Where high Cithæron echo’d with their ſong;
And as the fiery war-horſe paws the ground,
And ſnorts and trembles at the trumpet’s ſound,
Tranſported thus he heard the frantic rout,
And rav’d and madden’d at the diſtant ſhout.
  A ſpacious circuit on the hill there ſtood,
Level and wide, and ſkirted round with wood;
Here the raſh Pentheus, with unhallow’d eyes,
The howling dames and myſtic orgies ſpies:
His mother ſternly view’d him where he ſtood,
And kindled into madneſs as ſhe view’d,

Her leafy jav'lin at her ſon ſhe caſt,
And cries, "The boar that lays our country waſte!
"The boar, my Siſters! aim the fatal dart,
"And ſtrike the brindled monſter to the heart."
  Pentheus aſtoniſh'd heard the diſmal ſound,
And ſees the yelling matrons gath'ring round;
He ſees and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
"Help, help! my aunt Autonöe," he cry'd;
"Remember how your own Actæon dy'd."
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One ſtretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops;
In vain does Pentheus to his mother ſue,
And the raw bleeding ſtumps preſents to view:
His mother howl'd, and, heedleſs of his pray'r,
Her trembling hand ſhe twiſted in his hair,
"And this," ſhe cry'd "ſhall be Agavè's ſhare."
When from the neck his ſtruggling head ſhe tore,
And in her hands the ghaſtly viſage bore,
With pleaſure all the hideous trunk ſurvey,
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As ſtarting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours caſts,
Blown off and ſcatter'd by autumnal blaſts,
With ſuch a ſudden death lay Pentheus ſlain,
And in a thouſand pieces ſtrow'd the plain.
  By ſo diſtinguiſhing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confeſs the god.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IV.

The ſtory of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus.

How Salmacis, with weak enfeebling ſtreams,
Softens the body and unnerves the limbs,
And what the ſecret cauſe, ſhall here be ſhown;
The cauſe is ſecret, but th' effect is known.
The Naïads nurs'd an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
From both th' illuſtrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents thro' the infant's face.
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native ſeat,
And ſought freſh fountains in a foreign ſoil;
The pleaſure leſſen'd the attending toil.
With eager ſteps the Lycian fields he croſt,
And fields that border on the Lycian coaſt;
A river here he view'd ſo lovely bright,
It ſhew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a ſand conceal'd from human ſight:
The ſtream produc'd nor ſlimy ooze nor weeds,
Nor miry ruſhes nor the ſpiky reeds,
But dealt enriching moiſture all around,
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crown'd,
And kept the ſpring eternal on the ground.

A nymph preſides, not practis'd in the chaſe,
Nor ſkilful at the bow nor at the race,
Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the Main,
The only ſtranger to Diana's train:
Her ſiſters often, as 'tis ſaid, would cry,
"Fy! Salmacis, what, always idle? fy!
"Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows ſeize,
"And mix the toils of hunting with thy eaſe."
Nor quiver ſhe nor arrows e'er would ſeize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her eaſe,
But oft' would bathe her in the cryſtal tide,
Oft' with a comb her dewy locks divide:
Now in the limpid ſtreams ſhe view'd her face,
And dreſs'd her image in the floting glaſs:
On beds of leaves ſhe now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flow'rs that grew about her ſtreams,
And then by chance was gath'ring, as ſhe ſtood
To view the boy, and long'd for what ſhe view'd.
  Fain would ſhe meet the youth with haſty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were ſet with niceſt care,
And well deſerv'd to be reputed fair.
"Bright Youth!" ſhe cries, "whom all thy features [prove
"A god, and, if a god, the god of Love;
"But if a mortal, bleſs'd thy nurſe's breaſt,
"Bleſs'd are thy parents, and thy ſiſters bleſt;
"But, oh, how bleſs'd! how more than bleſs'd! thy bride,
"Ally'd in bliſs, if any yet ally'd:

" If ſo, let mine the ſtol'n enjoyments be;
" If not, behold a willing bride in me."
The boy knew nought of love, and, touch'd with [ſhame,
He ſtrove, and bluſh'd, but ſtill the bluſh became;
In riſing bluſhes ſtill freſh beauties roſe;
The ſunny ſide of fruit ſuch bluſhes ſhows,
And ſuch the moon, when all her ſilver white
Turns in eclipſes to a ruddy light.
The nymph ſtill begs if not a nobler bliſs,
A cold ſalute at leaſt, a ſiſter's kiſs;
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, "Or leave me to myſelf alone,
" You rude uncivil nymph! or I'll be gone."
" Fair Stranger! then," ſays ſhe, " it ſhall be ſo;"
And, for ſhe fear'd his threats, ſhe feign'd to go;
But hid within a covert's neighb'ring green,
She kept him ſtill in ſight, herſelf unſeen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently ſports about the ſhore;
Playful and wanton to the ſtream he trips,
And dips his foot, and ſhivers as he dips.
The coolneſs pleas'd him, and with eager haſte
His airy garments on the banks he caſt;
His godlike features and his heav'nly hue,
And all his beauties, were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture ſpies,
While hotter paſſions in her boſom riſe,
Fluſh in her cheeks, and ſparkle in her eyes.

She longs, ſhe burns, to claſp him in her arms,
And looks and ſighs, and kindles at his charms.
Now all undreſs'd upon the banks he ſtood,
And clapp'd his ſides, and leap'd into the flood;
His lovely limbs the ſilver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely thro' the tide,
As lilies ſhut within a cryſtal caſe
Receive a gloſſy luſtre from the glaſs.
" He's mine, he's all my own!" the Naïad cries,
And flings off all, and after him ſhe flies.
And now ſhe faſtens on him as he ſwims,
And holds him cloſe, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy reſiſted, and was coy,
The more ſhe claſp'd and kiſs'd the ſtruggling boy.
So when the wriggling ſnake is ſnatch'd on high
In eagle's claws, and hiſſes in the ſky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twiſts her legs, and writhes about her wings.
The reſtleſs boy ſtill obſtinately ſtrove
To free himſelf, and ſtill refus'd her love.
Amidſt his limbs ſhe kept her limbs entwin'd,
" And why, coy youth !" ſhe cries, " why thus unkind!
" Oh, may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!
" Oh, may we never, never part again!"
So pray'd the nymph, nor did ſhe pray in vain;
For now ſhe finds him, as his limbs ſhe preſt,
Grow nearer ſtill, and nearer to her breaſt,
Till piercing each the other's fleſh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:

Laſt in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the ſtock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the ſame, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a ſingle body mix,
A ſingle body with a double ſex.
  The boy, thus loſt in woman, now ſurvey'd
The river's guilty ſtream, and thus he pray'd,
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his ſofter tone,
Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own)
" You parent gods, whoſe heav'nly names I bear,
" Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my pray'r;
" Oh! grant that whomſoe'er theſe ſtreams contain,
" If man he enter'd, he may riſe again
" Supple, unſinew'd, and but half a man!"
  The heav'nly parents anſwer'd from on high
Their two-ſhap'd ſon, the double votary,
Then gave a ſecret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its ſource to make his wiſhes good.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE III.

AUGUSTUS had a deſign to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire: having cloſetted ſeveral Senators on the project, Horace is ſuppoſed to have written the following Ode on this occaſion.

THE man reſolv'd and ſteady to his truſt,
Inflexible to ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude rabble's inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern brow and the harſh voice defies,
And with ſuperior greatneſs ſmiles.
  Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with ſtorms,
The ſtubborn virtue of his ſoul can move,
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the ſky,
And gives it rage to roar, and ſtrength to fly.
  Should the whole frame of Nature round him break,
In ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling world.
  Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the bleſs'd abodes;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods,
Where now Auguſtus, mix'd with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies;

His ruddy lips the purple tincture ſhow,
And with immortal ſtains divinely glow.
  By arts like theſe did young Lyæus riſe,
His tigers drew him to the ſkies;
Wild from the deſert, and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they ſtar'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd 'em to the laſh, and bent 'em to the yoke.
  Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind ſnatch'd on high
He ſhook off dull mortality,
And loſt the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful ſilence broke,
And thus th' aſſembled deities beſpoke.
  "Troy," ſays the goddeſs, "perjur'd Troy, has
" The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt; [felt
" The tow'ring pile and ſoft abodes,
" Wall'd by the hand of ſervile gods,
" Now ſpreads its ruins all around,
" And lies inglorious on the ground;
" An umpire, partial and unjuſt,
" And a lewd woman's impious luſt,
" Lay heavy on her head, and ſunk her to the duſt.
  " Since falſe Laomedon's tyrannic ſway,
" That durſt defraud th' immortals of their pay,
" Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
" Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
" To my reſentment, and Minerva's rage,
" The guilty king and the whole people fell.

“ And now the long-protracted wars are o'er,
“ The ſoft adult'rer ſhines no more;
“ No more does Hector's force the Trojans ſhield,
“ That drove whole armies back, and ſingly clear'd the field.
“ My vengeance ſated, I at length reſign
“ To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
“ Advanc'd to godhead let him riſe,
“ And take his ſtation in the ſkies,
“ There entertain his raviſh'd ſight
“ With ſcenes of glory, fields of light,
“ Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
“ And ſee adoring nations crowd his ſhrine.
“ The thin remains of Troy's afflicted hoſt
“ In diſtant realms may ſeats unenvy'd find,
“ And flouriſh on a foreign coaſt,
“ But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
“ Remov'd by ſeas from the diſaſtrous ſhore,
“ May endleſs billows riſe between, and ſtorms unnumber'd roar.
“ Still let the curs'd deteſted place,
“ Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithleſs race,
“ Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in graſs:
“ There let the wanton flocks unguarded ſtray,
“ Or, while the lonely ſhepherd ſings,
“ Amidſt the mighty ruins play,
“ And friſk upon the tombs of kings.
“ May tigers there, and all the ſavage kind,
“ Sad ſolitary haunts and ſilent deſerts find;

" In gloomy vaults and nooks of palaces,
" May th' unmoleſted lioneſs
" Her brinded whelps ſecurely lay,
" Or, couch'd, in dreadful ſlumbers waſte the day.
" While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
" Rome and the Roman Capitol ſhall riſe;
" Th' illuſtrious exiles unconfin'd
" Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
" In vain the ſea's intruding tide
" Europe from Afric ſhall divide,
" And part the ſever'd world in two:
" Thro' Afric's ſands their triumphs they ſhall ſpread,
" And the long train of victories purſue
" To Nile's yet undiſcover'd head.
" Riches the hardy ſoldiers ſhall deſpiſe,
" And look on gold with undeſiring eyes,
" Nor the diſbowell'd earth explore
" In ſearch of the forbidden ore;
" Thoſe glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the mine,
" Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently ſhine.
" To the laſt bounds that Nature ſets,
" The piercing colds and ſultry heats,
" The godlike race ſhall ſpread their arms,
" Now fill the Pollar Circle with alarms,
" Till ſtorms and tempeſts their purſuits confine,
" Now ſweat for conqueſt underneath the Line.
" This only law the victor ſhall reſtrain,
" On theſe conditions ſhall he reign;

" If none his guilty hand employ
" To build again a ſecond Troy,
" If none the raſh deſign purſue,
" Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.
" A curſe there cleaves to the devoted place,
" That ſhall the new foundations raſe;
" Greece ſhall in mutual leagues conſpire
" To ſtorm the riſing town with fire,
" And at their army's head myſelf will ſhow
" What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.
" Thrice ſhould Apollo's ſelf the city raiſe
" And line it round with walls of braſs,
" Thrice ſhould my fav'rite Greeks his works con-
" found,
" And hew the ſhining fabric to the ground;
" Thrice ſhould her captive dames to Greece return,
" And their dead ſons and ſlaughter'd huſbands
" mourn."
But hold, my Muſe, forbear thy tow'ring flight,
Nor bring the ſecrets of the gods to light;
In vain would thy preſumptuous verſe
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearſe;
The mighty ſtrains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majeſty, and loſe their ſound.

A TRANSLATION OF ALL

VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC,

EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

Ethereal ſweets ſhall next my Muſe engage,
And this, Mecænas, claims your patronage;
Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their ſtate,
Their laws, employments, and their wars, relate:
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
Trifling the theme, not ſo the poet's praiſe,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, and make the work divine.
  Firſt, for your bees a proper ſtation find,
That's fenc'd about, and ſhelter'd from the wind,
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The ſwarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
Nor ſheep, nor goats, muſt paſture near their ſtores,
To trample under foot the ſpringing flowers;
Nor friſking heifers bound about the place,
To ſpurn the dew-drops off, and bruiſe the riſing graſs:
Nor muſt the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor woodpecks, nor the ſwallow, harbour near;
They waſte the ſwarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morſels to their young.
  Let purling ſtreams, and fountains edg'd with moſs,
And ſhallow rills run trickling thro' the graſs;

Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms ſhoot up, and ſhade the ſtreams below,
That when the youth, led by their princes, ſhun
The crowded hive, and ſport it in the ſun,
Refreſhing ſprings may tempt 'em from the heat,
And ſhady coverts yield a cool retreat.
Whether the neighb'ring water ſtands or runs,
Lay twigs acroſs, and bridge it o'er with ſtones,
That if rough ſtorms or ſudden blaſts of wind
Should dip, or ſcatter thoſe that lag behind,
Here they may ſettle on the friendly ſtone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the ſun.
Plant all the flow'ry banks with lavender,
With ſtore of ſav'ry ſcent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erſpread,
And fountains ſoke the violet's dewy bed.
Tho' barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive,
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And melted down with heat the waxen buildings drop.
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whiſtling crannies ſpread,
And ſuck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs,
To ſmear the chinks, and plaſter up the pores:
For this they hoard up glew, whoſe clinging drops
Like pitch or birdlime hang in ſtringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis ſaid, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in ſubterraneous caves their cell;

At other times th' induſtrious inſects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.
Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves muſt thinly on your work be ſtrow'd;
But let no baleful yew-tree flouriſh near,
Nor rotten marſhes ſend out ſteams of mire,
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire,
Nor neighb'ring caves return the dying ſound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd——
When th' under world is ſeiz'd with cold and night,
And ſummer here deſcends in ſtreams of light,
The bees thro' woods and foreſts take their flight;
They rifle ev'ry flow'r, and lightly ſkim
The cryſtal brook, and ſip the running ſtream;
And thus they feed their young with ſtrange delight,
And knead the yielding wax and work the ſlimy ſweet.
But when on high you ſee the bees repair,
Borne on the wind thro' diſtant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all black'ning from afar,
While ſhady coverts and freſh ſteams they chuſe,
Milfoil and common honeyſuckles bruiſe,
And ſprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice;
On brazen veſſels beat a tinkling ſound,
And ſhake the cymbals of the goddeſs round;
Then all will haſtily retreat, and fill
The warm reſounding hollow of their cell.
If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the ſtate,

The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpets' harsh alarms,
Run thro' the hive, and call 'em to their arms;
All in a hurry spread their shiv'ring wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry stings;
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight!
At last, when all the heav'ns are warm and fair,
They rush together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
With heaps of little corps the earth below
As thick as hailstones from the floor rebound,
Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No sense of danger can their kings control,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul;
Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
Till shameful flight secures the routed foe:
This hot dispute, and all this mighty fray,
A little dust flung upward will allay.
  But when both kings are settled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
Idle at home in ease and luxury,
The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die;
So let the royal insect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are diff'rent; one of better note,
All ſpeck'd with gold, and many a ſhining ſpot,
Looks gay, and gliſtens in a gilded coat;
But love of eaſe and ſloth in one prevails,
That ſcarce his hanging paunch behind him trails.
The people's looks are diff'rent as their kings;
Some ſparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathſome and diſeas'd with ſloth,
Like a faint traveller, whoſe duſty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and ſpits a maukiſh froth.
The firſt are beſt——
From their o'erflowing combs you'll often preſs
Pure luſcious ſweets that, mingling in the glaſs,
Correct the harſhneſs of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour thro' the wine diffuſe:
But when they ſport abroad and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfiniſh'd comb,
Their airy ramblings are with eaſe confin'd;
Clip their kings' wings, and if they ſtay behind
No bold uſurper dares invade their right,
Nor ſound a march, nor give the ſign for flight.
Let flow'ry banks entice 'em to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native ſmells,
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the ſcarecrow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
Tranſplant, and nurſe 'em in the neighb'ring ſoil;
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy ſloth,
But water 'em, and urge their ſhady growth.

And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And ſtriking ſail, and making to the ſhore,
I'd ſhew what art the gard'ner's toils require,
Why roſy pæſtum bluſhes twice a-year,
What ſtreams the verdant ſuccory ſupply,
And how the thirſty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a cheerful green does parſley grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twiſted [graſs;
Nor would I paſs the ſoft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees, that love the ſhore;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's ſlow womb
Unrumple their ſwoln buds, and ſhow their yellow [bloom.
For once I ſaw in the Tarentine vale,
Where ſlow Galeſus drencht the waſhy ſoil,
An old Corician yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor paſture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harveſt yield,
But ſav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy-flow'rs his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Bleſs'd with theſe riches he could empires ſlight,
And when he reſted from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd daintes would afford,
And his own garden furniſh out his board.
The ſpring did firſt his opening roſes blow,
Firſt rip'ning autumn bent his fruitful bough:
When piercing colds had burſt the brittle ſtone,
And freezing rivers ſtiffen'd as they run,

He then would prune the tend'reſt of his trees,
Chide the late ſpring and ling'ring weſtern breeze;
His bees firſt ſwarm'd, and made his veſſels foam
With the rich ſqueezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindons and the ſappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flow'rs his ſmiling orchard dreſs'd,
As many bloſſoms as the ſpring could ſhow,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plum,
And ſpreading plane-trees, where, ſupinely laid,
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the ſhade:
But theſe for want of room I muſt omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.
Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himſelf did on the bees confer;
Becauſe, invited by the timbrel's ſound,
Lodg'd in a cave th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurs'd kindly under ground.
Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air
Theſe only make their young the public care;
In well-diſpos'd ſocieties they live,
And laws and ſtatutes regulate their hive,
Nor ſtray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know ſet ſtations, and a fix'd abode:
Each, provident of cold, in ſummer flies
Thro' fields and woods, to ſeek for new ſupplies,
And in the common ſtock unlades his thighs.

Some watch the food, ſome in the meadows ply,
Taſte ev'ry bud, and ſuck each bloſſom dry;
Whilſt others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
Temper Narciſſus' clammy tears with gum,
For the firſt groundwork of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raiſe
The yellow fabric on its glewy baſe.
Some educate the young, or hatch the ſeed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilſt others thicken all the ſlimy dews,
And into pureſt honey work the juice,
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and ſwell
With luſcious nectar ev'ry flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heav'ns, and ſearch the clouded ſkies,
To find out breeding ſtorms, and tell what tempeſts riſe;
By turns they eaſe the loaden ſwarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy inſect, from their hive;
The work is warmly ply'd thro' all the cells,
And ſtrong with thyme the new-made honey ſmells.
So in their caves the brawny Cyclops ſweat,
When with huge ſtrokes the ſtubborn wedge they beat,
And all th' unſhapen thunderbolt complete;
Alternately their hammers riſe and fall,
Whilſt griping tongs turn round the glowing ball;
With puffing bellows ſome the flames increaſe,
And ſome in waters dip the hiſſing maſs;

Their beaten anvils dreadfully reſound,
And Ætna ſhakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.
  Thus, if great things we may with ſmall compare,
The buſy ſwarms their diff'rent labours ſhare:
Deſire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged inſects, by experience wiſe,
Attend the comb, and faſhion ev'ry part,
And ſhape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clogg'd with the meadows' ſpoils:
On lavender and ſaffron buds they feed,
On bending oſiers and the balmy reed;
From purple violets and the teile they bring
Their gather'd ſweets, and rifle all the ſpring.
  All work together, all together reſt:
The morning ſtill renews their labours paſt;
Then all ruſh out, their diff'rent taſks purſue,
Sit on the bloom, and ſuck the rip'ning dew.
Again, when ev'ning warns 'em to their home,
With weary wings and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowſy hum:
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful ſtation keep,
Wrapt up in ſilence, and diſſolv'd in ſleep.
None range abroad when winds and ſtorms are nigh,
Nor truſt their bodies to a faithleſs ſky,
But make ſmall journies with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighb'ring ſpring;

And, leſt their airy bodies ſhould be caſt
In reſtleſs whirls, the ſport of ev'ry blaſt,
They carry ſtones to poiſe 'em in their flight,
As ballaſt keeps th' unſteady veſſel right.
  But of all cuſtoms that the bees can boaſt,
'Tis this may challenge admiration moſt,
That none will Hymen's ſofter joys approve,
Nor waſte their ſpirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:
From herbs and flow'rs they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From theſe they chuſe out ſubjects, and create
A little monarch of the riſing ſtate,
Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his reſidence.
  But often in their journies, as they fly,
On flints they tear their ſilken wings, or lie
Grov'lling beneath their flow'ry load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an inſect fire,
And in a fly ſuch gen'rous thoughts inſpire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying ſtate,
Tho' ſev'n ſhort ſprings conclude their vital date,
Their ancient ſtocks eternally remain,
And in an endleſs race their children's children reign.
  No proſtrate vaſſel of the Eaſt can more
With ſlaviſh fear his mighty prince adore;
His life unites 'em all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and diſtractions riſe;

They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confusion reigns in ev'ry place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buz about his throne.
Oft' on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft' in his cause embattled in the air,
Pursue a glorious death in wounds and war.

Some from such instances as these have taught
"The bees' extract is heav'nly; for they thought
"The universe alive; and that a soul,
"Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
"To all the vast unbounded frame was given,
"And ran thro' earth, and air, and sea, and all the deep of heav'n;
"That this first kindled life in man and beast,
"Life that again flows into this at last;
"That no compounded animal could die,
"But when dissolv'd the spirit mounted high,
"Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky."

Whene'er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
And take the liquid labours of the bees,
Spirt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A loathsome cloud of smoke amidst their hive.

Twice in the year their flow'ry toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;
Once when the lovely Pleiades arise,
And add fresh lustre to the summer skies,
And once when, hast'ning from the wat'ry sign,
They quit their station, and forbear to shine.

The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To perifh for revenge, and die upon the wound:
Their venom'd fting produces aching pains,
And fwells the flefh, and fhoots among the veins.
When firft a cold hard winter's ftorms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their finking ftate and low affairs
Can move your pity and provoke your cares,
Frefh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and hufky wax away;
For often lizards feize the lufcious fpoils,
Or drones, that riot on another's toils;
Oft' broods of moths infeft the hungry fwarms,
And oft' the furious wafp their hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or elfe the fpider at the entrance fets
Her fnares, and fpins her bowels into nets.
When ficknefs reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new difeafe is feen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin;
Their fun'ral rites are form'd, and ev'ry bee
With grief attends the fad folemnity;
The few difeas'd furvivors hang before
Their fickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or flowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums the feeble infects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo thro' the hive,

Like winds that ſoftly murmur thro' the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring ſeas.
Now lay freſh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilſt frying gums
Caſt round a fragrant miſt of ſpicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famiſh'd ſwarm to eat,
And gently reconcile 'em to their meat.
Mix juice of galls and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a ſlime;
To theſe dry'd roſes, thyme, and cent'ry, join,
And raiſins ripen'd on the Pſythian vine.
  Beſides, there grows a flow'r in marſhy ground,
Its name Amellus, eaſy to be found;
A mighty ſpring works in its root, and cleaves
The ſprouting ſtalk, and ſhews itſelf in leaves;
The flow'r itſelf is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves ſhoot thick about the flow'r, and grow
Into a buſh, and ſhade the turf below;
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altar's poſts, and beautifies the ſhrines;
Its taſte is ſharp; in vales new-ſhorn it grows,
Where Mella's ſtream in wat'ry mazes flows;
Take plenty of its roots, and boil 'em well
In wine, and heap 'em up before the cell.
  But if the whole ſtock fail, and none ſurvive,
To raiſe new people and recruit the hive,

I'll here the great experiment declare
That ſpread th' Arcadian ſhepherd's name ſo far,
How bees from blood of ſlaughter'd bulls have fled,
And ſwarms amidſt the red corruption bred.
For where th' Egyptians yearly ſee their bounds
Refreſh'd with floods, and ſail about their grounds,
Where Perſia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives ſwiftly down the ſwarthy Indians' ſoil,
Till into ſeven it multiplies its ſtream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful ſlime,
In this laſt practice all their hope remains,
And long experience juſtifies their pains.
Firſt, then, a cloſe contracted ſpace of ground,
With ſtraiten'd walls and low-built roof they found;
A narrow ſhelving light is next aſſign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Thro' theſe the glancing rays obliquely pierce;
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two-years growth of horn he proudly ſhows,
And ſhakes the comely terrors of his brows:
His noſe and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
With violence to life and ſtifling pain
He flings and ſpurns, and tries to ſnort in vain;
Loud heavy blows fall thick on every ſide,
Till his bruis'd bowels burſt within the hide.
When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, thyme, and caſſia, ſtrow'd around.

All this is done when firſt the weſtern breeze
Becalms the year, and ſmooths the troubled ſeas,
Before the chattering ſwallow builds her neſt,
Or fields in Spring's embroidery are dreſt.
Mean-while the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: and now are ſeen
A wondrous ſwarm, that o'er the carcaſs crawls
Of ſhapeleſs, rude, unfiniſh'd animals.
No legs at firſt the inſect's weight ſuſtain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now ſtrikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to riſe;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears:
From every ſide the fruitful carcaſs pours
Its ſwarming brood as thick as ſummer-ſhow'rs,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging ſtrings firſt ſhoot 'em on the foes.
Thus have I ſung the nature of the bee,
While Cæſar, tow'ring to divinity,
The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god:
I flouriſh'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and ſhelter'd in inglorious eaſe:
I who before the ſongs of ſhepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And ſet my Tityrus beneath his ſhade.

MILTON'S STYLE IMITATED,

IN A TRANSLATION OF A STORY OUT OF THE THIRD ÆNEID.

Lost in the gloomy horrors of the night
We ſtruck upon the coaſt where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waſte, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now caſts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vaſt ſhowers of aſhes hov'ring in the ſmoke;
Now belches molten ſtones and ruddy flame
Incens'd, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air:
The bottom works with ſmother'd fire, involv'd
In peſtilential vapours, ſtench, and ſmoke.
'Tis ſaid that thunder-ſtruck Enceladus,
Grovelling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight,
Lies ſtretch'd ſupine, eternal prey of flames,
And when he heaves againſt the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A ſudden earthquake ſhoots thro' all the iſle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out ſmoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And ſhades the ſun's bright orb, and blots out day.
Here in the ſhelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard ſtrange ſounds and diſmal yells,
Nor ſaw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky ſtorm deep louring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom

Oppos'd itſelf to Cynthia's ſilver ray,
And ſhaded all beneath. But now the ſun
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From earth and heav'n; all Nature ſtood diſclos'd;
When looking on the neighb'ring woods we ſaw
The ghaſtly viſage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible diſmay
Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, ſpeaking ſore diſtreſs;
His locks were tangled, and his ſhaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things elſe a Greek.
He firſt advanc'd in haſte; but when he ſaw
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
Stopt ſhort, he back recoil'd as one ſurpris'd;
But ſoon recov'ring ſpeed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears aſſail'd: "By Heav'n's eternal fires,
"By ev'ry god that ſits enthron'd on high,
"By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
"And bear me hence to any diſtant ſhore,
"So I may ſhun this ſavage race accurſt.
"'Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
"With ſword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
"And laid the labour of the gods in duſt;
"For which, if ſo the ſad offence deſerves,
"Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie

"Whelm'd under ſeas; if death muſt be my doom,
"Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd."
He ended here, and now, profuſe of tears,
In ſuppliant mood fell proſtrate at our feet:
We bade him ſpeak from whence, and what he was,
And how by ſtreſs of fortune ſunk this low.
Anchiſes, too, with friendly aſpect mild
Gave him his hand, ſure pledge of amity;
When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale.
"I'm one," ſays he, "of poor deſcent, my name
"Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,
"Ulyſſes' ſad compeer, who, whilſt he fled
"The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
"Diſconſolate, forlorn; within the cave
"He left me, Giant Polypheme's dark cave;
"A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
"On all ſides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
"With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
"His dire repaſt: himſelf of mighty ſize,
"Hoarſe in his voice, and in his viſage grim,
"Intractable, that riots on the fleſh
"Of mortal men, and ſwills the vital blood.
"Him did I ſee ſnatch up with horrid graſp
"Two ſprawling Greeks, in either hand a man;
"I ſaw him when with huge tempeſtuous ſway
"He daſh'd and broke 'em on the grundſil edge;
"The pavement ſwam in blood, the walls around

“ Were ſpatter'd o'er with brains: he lap'd the blood,
“ And chew'd the tender fleſh ſtill warm with life,
“ That ſwell'd and heav'd itſelf amidſt his teeth
“ As ſenſible of pain. Not leſs, mean-while,
“ Our chief incens'd, and ſtudious of revenge,
“ Plots his deſtruction, which he thus effects:
“ The giant, gorg'd with fleſh, and wine, and blood,
“ Lay ſtretch'd at length and ſnoring in his den,
“ Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-charg'd
“ With purple wine and cruddled gore confus'd:
“ We gather'd round, and to his ſingle eye,
“ The ſingle eye that in his forehead glar'd
“ Like a full moon, or a broad burniſh'd ſhield,
“ A forky ſtaff we dext'rouſly apply'd,
“ Which in the ſpacious ſocket turning round,
“ Scoop'd out the big round gelly from its orb.
“ But let me not thus interpoſe delays;
“ Fly, Mortals! fly this curs'd deteſted race;
“ A hundred of the ſame ſtupendous ſize,
“ A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
“ Gigantic brotherhood, that ſtalk along
“ With horrid ſtrides o'er the high mountains' tops,
“ Enormous in their gait; I oft' have heard
“ Their voice and tread, oft' ſeen 'em as they paſt,
“ Sculking and ſcowring down, half dead with fear.
“ Thrice has the moon waſh'd all her orb in light,
“ Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obſcure ſojourn,

" The realms of Night inglorious, ſince I've liv'd
" Amidſt theſe woods, gleaning from thorns and ſhrubs
" A wretched ſuſtenance." As thus he ſpoke,
We ſaw deſcending from a neighb'ring hill
Blind Polypheme: by weary ſteps and ſlow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way; around his woolly flocks
Attended grazing; to the well-known ſhore
He bent his courſe, and on the margin ſtood,
A hideous monſter, terrible, deform'd:
Full in the midſt of his high front there gap'd
The ſpacious hollow where his eyeball roll'd,
A ghaſtly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
And waſh'd away the ſtrings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then ſtalking thro' the deep
He fords the ocean, while the topmoſt wave
Scarce reaches up his middle ſide: we ſtood
Amaz'd be ſure; a ſudden horror chill
Ran thro' each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,
Till uſing all the force of winds and oars
We ſped away: he heard us in our courſe,
And with his outſtretch'd arms around him grop'd,
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous ſhouts, that all the ocean ſhook;
Ev'n Italy, tho' many a league remote,
In diſtant echoes anſwer'd; Ætna roar'd,
Thro' all its inmoſt winding caverns roar'd.

Rous'd with the ſound, the mighty family
Of one-ey'd brothers haſten to the ſhore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire aſſembly! we with eager haſte
Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
A hoſt of giants covering all the ſhore.
So ſtands a foreſt tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidſt the boughs, and at the diſtance ſees
The ſhady tops of trees unnumber'd riſe,
A ſtately proſpect, waving in the clouds.

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From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
May 8. 1778.

THE END.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.